

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

The Week.

THE *Times* has maintained that the attempt of Mr. Trumbull to revive the Retrenchment Committee in the Senate was a "Schurz-Fenton trick"—or, in other words, we suppose, that these two gentlemen got up the movement between them with the view of annoying and injuring the President, and diminishing his chances of re-nomination. In support of this view, it not only abused Schurz, Fenton, and Trumbull, but went so far as to abuse the Patterson Committee who enquired into the condition of the New York Custom-house last winter, and took that institution under its wing, and gave us to understand in plain terms that anybody who said there was anything wrong with it, or with the eminent man who lately presided over it, was a "rascal." It likewise threatened to "expose" both Trumbull and Schurz, and made several unpleasant allusions to Fenton's early career. It has since "exposed" Schurz, and we suppose will before long perform the same office on Trumbull. In the interest of public morality, we hereby sum up conscientiously its charges against Schurz: 1. That he emigrated from Germany in 1852, and was naturalized in 1857, at the age of 27. 2. That two years later he tried to get the nomination for Governor in Wisconsin, but failed, and, being offered the Lieutenant-Governorship, "spurned it contemptuously," and refused to support the ticket. 3. That having contracted with the Republican party to stump the West in the canvass of 1860 for \$250 a week and his expenses, when he got out there "he struck for higher wages," and refused to go on unless the local committees paid him an additional sum, *which they did*. 4. That when Lincoln was elected, he asked for a foreign mission, and *got the Spanish one*. 5. That he resigned it in a year and came home, and demanded a brigadier-general's commission with a major-general's command, and *got them*. 6. That he participated in the battles of Bull Run (the second), Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, "without manifesting any striking evidences of military genius." 7. That he got himself retained in the service after the war longer than there was any use for him. 8. That he then edited the *Detroit Post*, and, in the opinion of the *Times*, by "no means favorably distinguished himself in that position." 9. That he drove Henderson out of the Missouri senatorial canvass, by persuading the people that he was unfit to represent them, and got himself elected senator in his place. 10. That he was elected temporary chairman of the Chicago Convention, but had to have the aid of two "prompters" in parliamentary law. 11. That he got his brother-in-law appointed internal revenue collector of the Chicago district, an office which that depraved ruffian held for two years.

We have here omitted nothing, and have, we admit, as we have often defended Schurz, softened nothing that told against him. But we fear that after this we must give him up. We believe he has no family, and, if so, his case has not those pathetic features about it which mark the case of Paymaster Hodge and others. His participation in the battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, without manifesting any striking evidences of military genius, and his editing the *Detroit Post* without favorably distinguishing himself, will strike everybody as perhaps as remarkable displays of mingled depravity, ferocity, and corruption as even our times have afforded. The *Times*, somewhat cruelly, perhaps, but not altogether unjustifiably, darkens its picture of poor Schurz's career by an occasional fond mention of that eminent citizen, and good and pure man, and faithful friend of the President, Mr. Tom Murphy, late of the Custom-house. Tom, unlike the guilty Schurz, did not display any want of genius either at Bull Run, Chancellorsville, or Gettysburg, because

he was not present in those actions, being engaged in saving the Union in the hat and blanket line; nor did he edit the *Detroit Post* or any other journal in an efficient manner, being protected against such follies by a want of familiarity with the rudiments of a plain English education. Happy is the country in which the chief magistrate hates the like of Schurz and loves the like of Murphy—in which the government organ "exposes" Schurz and praises Murphy.

Now for Trumbull: and we trust the *Times* will not spare him. We venture to assert that if the truth were known, it would appear—1. That the *Times* thinks Trumbull is not so wise or learned as Trumbull thinks he is himself. 2. That he was born in the United States, of Protestant parents, attained his majority at the age of twenty-one, and *voted the same year*. 3. That, being admitted to the bar, he induced large numbers of persons to entrust causes to him, and obtained money from them in this way for his personal use. 4. That he persuaded the Illinois Legislature to elect him twice to the United States Senate, well knowing that other respectable men were willing and ready to accept the place, and that somebody else would have got it if he had not. 5. That he has obtained places for two clerks in the civil service, by personal solicitation, one of whom was named Bull, the *Trum* having been evidently dropped to cover up his connection with the senator. 6. That he has advocated a searching investigation into the condition of the civil service, with the malignant design and expectation of discovering abuses therein, whereas a proper respect for the President and proper regard for the party prescribed an investigation with the design and expectation of not discovering any abuses whatever.

Mr. Boutwell has issued a circular addressed to all Collectors of Customs, ordering them hereafter to make appointments and promotions as far as practicable under the new rules, and directing them to select three persons from among their subordinates to form an examining board, who are to discharge the duties until some other committee shall have been provided, and until Congress shall have made appropriations to pay its expenses. We hope that in the meantime the Supervising Board will look sharply after these gentlemen, and see that the examinations are not a farce. We think they strangely misunderstand the situation. The President, we are glad to say, has given additional proof of his sincerity by appointing the Commission, which made the report and drafted the rules, to be the Advisory Board which is to superintend their execution. This makes it certain as can be that after the new system begins to work, it will not be a sham. All we ask for now is that the manners and excesses of actual office-holders be in some manner corrected.

Tweed's resignation of his position as head of the Department of Public Works clears the administrative branch of the city government of all members of the Ring except Hall, the Mayor. Tweed was apparently driven into this last step by his having to hide himself for two or three days from the Sheriff, in consequence of one of his bondsmen in the civil suit having withdrawn; and, perhaps, the ingratitude of the bondsman, Terence Farley by name, who has risen in the world as one of Tweed's creatures, did more to vanquish the Boss and convince him that he was a ruined man than any of the preceding events. His new bondsman is his own son, who confesses that he is owner of over a million and a half dollars, received from his fond parent since August last, in consideration of "natural love and affection." Tweed has now nothing more to resign except his seat in the Senate. Hall holds on gallantly to the mayoralty, but is a mere wreck. He had to resign his membership of the Union Club this week to avoid expulsion, and his paper, the *Leader*, one of the rascally Ring organs, supported largely with stolen money and

filled with Hall's own contributions and those of the "literary circles" in which he moves, died on the last day of the old year, the stoppage of the municipal supplies being fatal to it.

The closing days of the old Common Council were very amusing. The term for which that body was elected expired on the 30th ult., but the Ring last winter got their term prolonged for another year by statute, and provided likewise that vacancies in that body should be filled by the Mayor. The prolongation was clearly unconstitutional, but they, nevertheless, determined to hold over, and, if the courts declared their places vacant, to get the Mayor to reappoint them, and so bid defiance to the new board elected in November by the Reformers. The Mayor was preparing to play his part in the emergency when he was served with a writ of prohibition, forbidding him to recognize them; and while in this dilemma, the old Board, under some strange impulse, prepared to impeach him for malfeasance in office. While thus engaged, officers armed with writs of prohibition from the Supreme Court made their way into the room, and the aldermen took to flight, pursued round the room and over the desks by the messengers, discharging writs at them, and finally the whole body made their escape into the streets, and the new Board took possession. Hall, overcome by this treachery of the old Board, at once recognized the new one.

The Albany Legislature has opened auspiciously by the election of a Speaker of whom everybody speaks well, and Attorney-General Barlow is making preparations for the impeachment of the judges and for legislative operations against Erie. Abundant evidence against the judges is said to have been accumulated by the Bar Association, and the culprits have engaged a great array of counsel, many of whom, curiously enough, have a reputation which may be best described by saying that they are "gentlemen of easy virtue." The two Republican factions—the "Custom-house Ruffians" and "Tammany Thieves"—had a desperate fight at Albany over the speakership, the Custom-house coming off victorious. There was on the ground directing the operations, according to the *Tribune*, the surveyor and naval officer of this port, one United States marshal, two United States district attorneys, four deputy collectors of this port and one Buffalo collector, and no end of weighers, appraisers, and inspectors, which may be a sign that the civil service is being reformed, but it requires some education to understand it. Does not *Harper's Weekly* think that a general order forbidding these gentlemen to leave their posts to "engineer" party politics would be a good thing? *Harper's Weekly* says, in reply to suggestions made on this subject, that "to prohibit all persons in the employment of the Government from such an interest in politics as their feelings dictate, would stigmatize the service so as to defeat one of the objects of the reform—namely, that a higher class of persons should be attracted to the service." This is quite true; we do not ask for any such prohibition. We do ask, however, that custom-house and other officers may be forbidden to quit their duties and go off to a place one hundred and fifty miles away to take part in electing the speaker of a legislature of which not one of them is a member. Any official whose feelings would be hurt by such a restriction, certainly does not belong to any "high class of persons." The thing is ridiculous on its face and dishonest in its substance. Is it not cheating the public to apply taxes to paying the salary of a New York collector or weigher while he is passing his time at Albany helping the State Legislature to select its own officers?

The proposal to impeach Governor Scott and Treasurer Parker of South Carolina has been thrown over in a curious way. The Legislature wanted to adjourn for the holidays, after having resolved on the impeachment, but the Governor convened them again for December 23, and, when the prospect of spending Christmas over the matter fairly presented itself, the courage of the body gave way, and the resolving clause of the resolutions both in Parker and

Scott's case was stricken out by a vote of 63 to 32 and 63 to 27 respectively. The proceedings were, according to the correspondent of the *World*, not inappropriately closed by one of the majority asking one Byas, who led the forces of the Ring, "if he had not at that moment in his pocket a check for \$12,203, given him last year for reporting the bill for fitting up the State House," to which solemn enquiry Byas made no reply.

Of the distinguished dead of the year just gone (and a more distinguished necrology is seldom recorded in the same space of time), we may say that, so far as man can judge, hardly one passed away with his work unfinished or left his life apparently incomplete. The death of Don Juan Prim, which occurred on the last day of 1870, and which may be counted as in our list of the deaths of 1871, still seems, in view of the political condition of Spain, the untimely ending of a career which promised great usefulness. Perhaps equally influential in European politics was the death, also violent, of the unfortunate Henry of Bourbon, whose life could not have been so injurious to his cousin, Montpensier, perhaps the most over-prudent of the prudent Orleans princes, as his death has been. The other names of military celebrities who appear in the necrology of 1871 are the once famous name of Omar Pacha, who fought the Russians so well; that of Marshal Benedek, whose last campaign was so Pompeian in its ruin of a hard-earned reputation; that of General Anderson, who has a sure place in history, and honorable mention while the story of the American rebellion is told; and that of Schamyl, the intrepid, skilful, and indefatigable Circassian warrior. Besides these, there died also General Thomas Rodman and General James Totten, of our service, General Sir James Scarlett, of the British service, and Rossel, the general of the Communist army. Among the naval officers deceased, the most distinguished was Baron von Tegethoff, the Austrian admiral; less distinguished was Commodore Tatnall, who, indeed, was held in some of that undeserved contempt in which we of the North were accustomed to hold our adversaries when we got the better of them, and with less reason when they got the better of us.

The literary world has lost Dumas, Grote, Gervinus, Eötvös, Afanasieff, George Ticknor, Henry L. Mansel. Of less importance are the names of Prosper Mérimée; Charles Hugo, the son of Victor Hugo, and, as they say, "the son of his father"; Alice and Phoebe Cary, much and justly regretted by a large circle of personal friends; Dean Alford; Mr. Charles Buxton; John George Kohl, the traveller; De Gasparin; Mr. Tuckerman; Mrs. Nathaniel (Sophia) Hawthorne; the Princess Belgiojoso; and Charles Paul de Kock. Among the men of science, as distinguished from the men of letters, whom literature has lost within the year, we count Murchison, Herschel, De Morgan, Babbage, Keith Johnston, and William Wilson, the botanist—a roll honorable to England, but one the full measure of whose honors diminishes, as we have suggested, the regret which the death of great men inspires; they had worked their work. France adds to these names of savans that of Becquerel, the electrician; Germany that of Schultzenstein, the botanist; and Italy that of Claparedi, the zoölogist. As allied to the followers of literature, her ministers the publishers and booksellers may properly be placed next in order; and first among them, as having been bookmakers as well as booksellers, and as having done very much for the promotion of intelligence among their countrymen, we may properly place Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who excellently exemplified that common Scottish union of hearty goodness as a man and as a man of business. American publishers and authors sincerely regret the death of Mr. Charles Scribner, a man who deserved success and had it in large measure, and ungrudged by any one. Mr. Richard Bentley, of London, who died at the age of eighty, was another widely-known and widely-respected publisher. The victim of the Communists, Archbishop Darboy, is the principal clergyman deceased in 1871, if eminence in the church is to be measured by position in her hierarchy of offices. In this country the Rev. Albert Barnes, "Father" Taylor of Boston, and the Rev.

S. J. May were the best known of the clergy who have died within the twelvemonth.

The political world misses most Mr. Vallandigham, but perhaps the two figures of politicians most likely to become historical who died in 1871 are those of Slidell and Mason. Of these, the one was a low and thoroughly bad politician; the other was no bad representative of a political system which was infinitely worse than many of the men who upheld it, and personally was a man who had much of the respect of his opponents. Mr. Howard, of Michigan, ex-Senator; Mr. Thomas Ewing; Mr. John Covode, to whom some people gave the epithet of "honest"; and Louis Joseph Papineau, the once famous Canadian rebel, are the other politicians in our list. Among the names of men for one reason or another celebrated or noted or notorious, we find that of Mirès, the French "operator," who was one of the characteristic glories of the Second Empire; that of Mr. Hackett, the comedian, and doubtless the Falstaff of the last half century; those of Mr. Henry Steinway and Mr. Thomas Chickering, each so closely associated with the history of the piano, and who finally laid aside their rivalry within a week of each other, the one dying on the seventh and the other on the fourteenth day of February last; Delsarte, the accomplished French instructor in elocution and acting; Mr. T. W. Robertson, the dramatist; Mr. Sigismund Thalberg, the pianist; Mercadante, the composer; and Auber, who died in the enjoyment of a cheerful old age.

The new system of education in England, with all its valuable features, is by no means working smoothly. The power which it gave localities to establish denominational schools, under rigid restrictions as to religious instruction, has been taken advantage of by the Established Church, owing to its enormous wealth, to set up a great number, so great, indeed, that through a great portion of the country the new schools are virtually in the hands of its clergy. This has infuriated the Dissenters, who are everywhere up in arms against it, and have been holding a great conference at Manchester with the view of forcing the Government into some sort of a compromise; and their hostility is so great that it is believed a general election would now be a dangerous experiment for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lowe has made a pacificatory speech in which he says he sympathizes with the Dissenters, but that the Government did all it was possible for them to do without running the risk of leaving another whole generation uneducated.

The English papers, of all shades of opinion, concur in treating the popular anxiety about the Prince of Wales as genuine and widespread. The exact truth of the matter, as of all similar matters, such as the interest, for instance, of the Northern people in the war of the rebellion, would be impossible to get at. Every observer is most struck by those indications of popular feeling which best accord with his own notions of what it ought to be. Everybody who is disgusted by a public demonstration can find some reason for believing that it is all humbug, and has been got up by a few designing persons. In fact, anybody who wants to know what widely different views may be taken of such phenomena has only to read the Democratic and Republican accounts of a political mass-meeting. But unless all ordinary signs fail, the Prince's illness did produce a profound sensation in England, though to what proportions anxiety, sympathy, political curiosity, and loyalty entered into it it would be impossible to say. The Queen has been stirred by it into writing a letter of thanks, and is going to open Parliament in person, her failure to do so through so many years having become a standing grievance. The most interesting subject of speculation arising out of it now will be the probable effect on the Prince himself. He has been down in depths from which many a man comes up very much sadder and wiser, but then what a man brings out of such crises depends very much on what he takes in. The *Economist*, which is not given to sentimental views of any subject, and discusses the future of royalty very much as it discusses the cotton

crop, and has at its head one of the coolest and clearest political observers in England, says "that no sooner was there any fear of losing the heir to the throne than the whole people gave, with one accord, signs of sorrow and even of grief."

The repudiation by Austria of a portion of the bonded debt, in 1868, by compelling its creditors to submit to conversion at a loss, has been punished in a curious way by the London Stock Exchange. All Austrian Government securities were struck from the lists and their quotation prohibited. The Hungarian Government now wishes to negotiate a loan of \$15,000,000 on the London market, and on making proposals is met by the prohibition, and told that, though not perhaps directly responsible for Austrian bad faith, Hungary was in 1868 part of the Austrian Empire, and must take the consequences. It has accordingly offered, in order to have the ban taken off its credit, to pay five per cent. on \$25,000,000 of Austrian bonds, or about one-third of the loss suffered by the creditors, and on these terms has been allowed to come again upon the market, but Austria remains in the same position as ever, and the effect is such that it is difficult or impossible to get money for any Austrian enterprise.

Count Andrassy is firmly seated at the head of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, as the successor of the Imperial Chancellor Beust, now ambassador at the Court of St. James; and the official and semi-official journals of Europe vie with each other in extolling the character and talents of the once proscribed Hungarian, and the excellence of his peaceable professions, as set forth in his inaugural circular. In fact, both the man and his circular deserve a great deal of praise, and if he succeeds in managing the external affairs of the empire half as successfully as he managed the internal affairs of its Hungarian division in the five years of his premiership there, he will have done a greater work than many a student of Austrian contemporaneous history is inclined to expect, or many a foreign journal, such as those of St. Petersburg and Moscow, will be glad to discover. His successor in the Hungarian Ministry, Lónyay, has also, as it seems, successfully entered upon his new duties, supported by the Deák party and the strong common sense of the Magyar people, which is almost regularly displayed in critical situations.

Francis Joseph seems actually to have finished his experimental swinging around the circle—a kind of *circulus viciosus* of the great nationality and constitutionality problem of Cisleithania. In the speech from the throne, delivered last Thursday at the opening of the Reichsrath, he solemnly reasserts his determination to uphold the constitution and the laws, and to make no further concessions to the single states, except through the constitutional activity of the Reichsrath itself, "where alone the attainment of an understanding is possible"; his readiness "to grant extreme concessions," he is sorry to say, has not been productive of internal harmony. This, of course, refers to the late futile transactions with the Czechs, the failure of which leaves Bohemia unrepresented in the central parliament. He promises a continuation of the attempt to bring about a constitutional settlement with the Poles of Galicia—who, by refusing to appear at the late federalistic convention convoked by the Czechs at Prague, have, on their part, evinced a similar readiness for a compromise. He also promises measures of reform intended to render the Reichsrath "a completely representative body," which probably refers to changes in the election laws calculated to prevent the absence of entire provincial delegations from that assembly. Various other reforms, of a liberal character, are also to be proposed by the Cisleithan government, in special bills. The Emperor closes with the declaration that Austria, weary of conflict, desires harmony and order within, and that the European combinations entitle her to expect peace and friendly relations without. Her material situation is represented as highly prosperous—a fact now generally accepted, but undoubtedly exaggerated in the flattering exhibit of the Minister of Finance.

WHO WILL ELECT THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

WE by no means contend that the following figures, facts, and views afford a conclusive answer to the above question. Political mathematics is a very inexact science. Figures based upon past political results are proverbial for playing tricks upon those who too confidently use them to forecast future events, as is well known even to the eminent scientific man who has charge of the arithmetical department of our esteemed contemporary the *World*. It is always well to bear this fact in mind, and it is particularly desirable to bear it in mind in examining the present political situation. We may not succeed in what we are about to say in satisfying anybody that we know who will be the next President or who will not, but we think we can satisfy all candid readers that the contest will be a close one, and that indeed the parties are so nearly balanced that very trifling agencies may turn the scale.

There are two methods in vogue of marshalling political statistics for purposes of prophecy. One mode is to present the returns of the elections at which were chosen the members of the existing House of Representatives. Another mode is to adduce the results of the last State elections. Political prophets resort to one or the other of these, as shall seem most likely to put the prospects of their respective parties in a favorable light. We shall not attempt to decide which is the better method, but shall use both. First, then, we give a comparative statement based upon the election of the present House of Representatives. The number of electoral votes set opposite each State in the table is the number to which the State will be entitled under the new Apportionment Bill, which we presume will become a law:

States in which a Democratic majority of the popular vote was cast for present Representatives.	Electoral Vote	States in which a Republican majority of the popular vote was cast for present Representatives.	Electoral Vote
Alabama.....	9	Arkansas.....	6
Delaware.....	3	California.....	6
Georgia.....	11	Connecticut.....	6
Kentucky.....	12	Florida.....	3
Maryland.....	8	Illinois.....	21
Missouri.....	15	Indiana.....	14
Nevada.....	3	Iowa.....	7
New Hampshire.....	4	Kansas.....	7
New York.....	34	Louisiana.....	15
North Carolina.....	10	Maine.....	7
Oregon.....	3	Massachusetts.....	13
Pennsylvania.....	28	Michigan.....	11
Tennessee.....	11	Minnesota.....	5
Texas.....	8	Mississippi.....	8
Virginia.....	11	Nebraska.....	3
West Virginia.....	5	New Jersey.....	9
		Ohio.....	22
		Rhode Island.....	4
		South Carolina.....	7
		Vermont.....	4
		Wisconsin.....	10
Total.....	175	Total.....	182
			175
		Republican Majority.....	7

The majorities indicated on one side of the above table, under the head of "Democratic," ranged in round numbers from 300 in Nevada to 47,000 in Missouri. Those indicated as "Republican" ranged in round numbers from 500 in Connecticut to 38,000 in Massachusetts. The whole vote cast was over 5,500,000, and the aggregate Republican majority about 40,000. It will be seen that, could these figures be taken as a reliable guide, the Republican candidate would, out of the whole number of 357 electoral votes, receive a majority of only seven. But if we suppose that either South Carolina, Arkansas, Connecticut, Louisiana, New Hampshire, or California will cast its vote against the candidate of the Republican party, his opponent would have a clear majority. Under the old apportionment, the above table would show a Democratic majority of the electoral vote.

We now give a comparative statement of the strength of the two parties, as indicated by the result of the last State elections, thus:

States giving Democratic Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote	States giving Republican Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote
Alabama.....	9	California.....	6
Arkansas.....	6	Connecticut.....	6
Delaware.....	3	Illinois.....	21
Florida.....	3	Indiana.....	14
Georgia.....	11	Iowa.....	11
Kentucky.....	12	Kansas.....	5
Maryland.....	8	Louisiana.....	7
Missouri.....	15	Maine.....	7
Nevada.....	3	Massachusetts.....	13

States giving Democratic Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote	States giving Republican Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote
New Hampshire.....	4	Michigan.....	11
New Jersey.....	9	Minnesota.....	5
North Carolina.....	10	Mississippi.....	8
Oregon.....	3	New York.....	34
Tennessee.....	11	Nebraska.....	3
Texas.....	8	Ohio.....	22
Virginia.....	11	Pennsylvania.....	28
W. Virginia.....	5	Rhode Island.....	4
		South Carolina.....	7
		Vermont.....	4
		Wisconsin.....	10
Total.....	131	Total.....	226
			131
		Republican Majority.....	95

According to this statement (in which the position assigned New Jersey may be objected to), it will be seen that the Republican candidate would receive a majority of 95 electoral votes. But a glance at the table is sufficient to convince the candid that several States put down as Republican can by no means be relied upon to cast a Republican electoral vote in 1872. Among such States may reasonably be counted New York, Pennsylvania, California, Connecticut, together with Louisiana, South Carolina, and, perhaps, Mississippi. Should New York, together with California, Connecticut, and Louisiana, or South Carolina, pronounce against the Republican candidate, his opponent would have a majority of eleven electoral votes. Should the four last-named States, together with Pennsylvania, prove Democratic, and New York Republican, the Democratic candidate would have a majority of twelve electoral votes.

It is worth noting, for the comfort of desponding Democrats, that if the two senators in each State were not used in determining the number of electoral votes, the popular strength of the Democratic party would be more evident. Thus, in the first of the above tables, the Republican party is credited with a majority in twenty-one States, giving 182 electoral votes. Two of these votes in each State do not represent the popular vote, but are added to make the whole number equal to the representatives and the two senators. Deducting 42 electoral votes from the Republican vote of 182 leaves 140. Making a corresponding deduction of 32 on account of the sixteen States in which the Democracy had majorities, we have left 143, a majority of three popular votes for the Democracy.

So much for the relative strength of Democrats and Republicans. We now advance a step further. Present appearances indicate that the opposing forces in the next Presidential campaign will, whether ostensibly or not, really be arrayed against each other as Administration and Anti-administration men. This may not be proclaimed by the inscriptions upon the opposing banners, but such will be virtually the case. We do not see how it can well be otherwise. When the party in power proclaims the watchword by which it will be governed in a Presidential contest, the natural, if not the only, course of its opponent is to accept the challenge, and, whether announcing a positive and aggressive policy of its own or not, must mainly fight on the field chosen by the challenger. Now, it is undeniable that for some time past a large proportion of the Republican press, and particularly that portion of it which a Frenchman would call "inspired" from the White House, have been proclaiming defiantly that General Grant and nobody else shall be their candidate. This is neither more nor less than a challenge to the opposition, of whatever elements it may be composed, to meet not the Republican party and its principles, but General Grant and his personal following; we say "personal following" because his failure to identify himself with any policy (unless we give that name to the San Domingo Annexation scheme), or with any particular set of ideas, restricts the number of his warm supporters to those who have confidence in his personal character. But the disadvantages of this position are obvious. By putting forward an individual in the forefront of its battle, as the primary and great object of its devotion, the party proclaims itself a "personal party"; and, we may add, it deprives of all its force the taunt so often thrown out against the Democrats, that they have nothing better to rally on than personal hostility to the President. What should they

attack except what the Republicans declare to be the key of their position? and what better encouragement could they have to make the President the object of their onslaught than such declarations as this which appeared in the *New York Times* the other day: "The truth is, that the Democracy see plainly enough that, if they can only succeed in breaking down General Grant, they have made a pretty easy course for themselves"? We might furnish hundreds of other extracts like this from Republican papers, showing the strong tendency there is in certain quarters to convert the next election into a great contest over the number of Grant's relatives in office, over his investments, his presents, his cigars and horses—in other words, into one of the most ignoble contests in which any people ever engaged.

The *Times*, whose course occasionally makes one fear that its recent success may prove too much for its judgment, was bold enough to insinuate, the other day, that the *Nation* had given circulation to the same class of stories about the President as the *Sun*. The fact is, that not a line has ever appeared in our columns saying or insinuating that he ever took a present or gave a place to a relative with an improper motive. We have criticised freely, frequently, and, in our opinion, none too often, his course with regard to the civil service, but we never noticed his difficulties about his investments and his "relations," until we found him giving a long semi-official explanation about them in one of his organs. We then, and then only, took the liberty of stating how far, in our opinion, that explanation was successful, and had no hesitation in saying that he had made a complete answer with regard to the presents and investments. But we look upon the discussion which has raged on this subject as paltry to the last degree. One of its bad effects has been the betrayal of the "friends of the Administration" into the delusion that, if they can beat their assailants on the great questions, Who gave General Grant his house at Long Branch? and who gave him his stock in the Seneca Stone Company? and how many relatives has he in office, whether twelve or twenty-five? they clear the course for him at the next election. The *Sun* says he has twenty-five "relations" in office; the *Times* demonstrates that he has only twelve, and two or three of them appointees of Andrew Johnson, and forthwith concludes, this being true, that he is sure to be the people's choice. Relying, too, on the effect of these small triumphs on the popular mind, his champions in Congress think they may venture to oppose investigation into the condition of the civil service, on the avowed ground that the result might damage his prospects, and his newspapers even go so far as to take the New York Custom-house under their wing, and violently denounce the persons who sought to expose the iniquities of that establishment last winter; a fortnight of "victory" of this sort ending, not inappropriately, with a "serenade" to that eminent personage, "Tom" Murphy, who was actually introduced to the crowd by Republican politicians as a distinguished and creditable representative of the Administration.

Now, we think the figures we have given above prove at least that it will not do to make this campaign a personal one, and that the Republican party cannot safely identify either its fortunes or its reputation with those of any individual in its ranks. General Grant may be a much-abused and much-maligned man, but it will hardly do to make him a champion on the simple ground that he is a victim. The country begins to sigh more and more every day for positive qualities or views in the conduct of the Administration. It wants a President who, when he talks about revenue reform, knows what he means; who has, on the great questions of the day, the fixed opinions of a man who has studied them and enjoys the study of them, and who, when he attempts a reform, attempts it in such a fashion that half the nation shall not look on, doubting whether he really means to have any reform after all. If this be true, it will readily be seen that General Grant may easily overthrow all comers in the Seneca Stone matter and the "relations" matter, and yet not have the power of retaining on the Republican side that small but powerful force of the lukewarm or discontented who really hold the Presidency in their gift.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE LABOR COMMISSION.

THE labor question has, as events in Europe have shown, and as events in this country may yet show, been involved in new and dangerous complications by what may be called the unpopularity of political economy, and, in fact, the unpopularity of science generally. Science is frequently a very disagreeable thing. That two and two make four only, and not five; that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; that a part is less than the whole; and that something cannot be made out of nothing, are all truths which in actual life are far oftener found unpleasant than pleasant. Now, side by side with the increasing faith in the government of the material universe by laws, there has grown up an increasing dislike to admit that the relations of men in society, and especially the operations of human industry, are governed by law. This is the result partly of the breakdown of the old social organization, in which authority decided everything and accounted for nothing, and in which contentment was one of the virtues, and partly owing to the appearance in the arena of legislation and speculation of a large and powerful body of persons of small experience, of limited training, laboring under a strong sense of wrong; and their appearance is contemporaneous with a great extension and activity in the regulation of human affairs of what is called the "principle of love," or of "the brotherhood of man." These are welcomed on their arrival by a large body of philanthropists, who are profoundly impressed with the misery of human life, and eager, as many have never been before, to do something to make the lot of the majority more tolerable. Indeed, it may be said that nearly every decent man is now a humanitarian, and wishes to be thought one. Indifference to the sufferings and privations of others is one of the worst charges that can be made against any one, either in public or private life: made against a politician, writer, or lecturer, it is almost ruinous unless refuted, and every such person spares no pains to ward it off from him. This state of feeling, of course, produces a vast amount of good, develops a great deal of active public and private charity, and is beginning to make social improvement the first object of the legislator.

But it has, as is not unnatural, begun to produce also a sentiment closely akin in its nature and results to the "loyalty" to the king which exercised so powerful an influence on Christendom during nearly six centuries. That kind of unreasoning reverence, without reference to the mental or moral character of the object of it; that profound respect for his whims and caprices; that horror of gainsaying him, or of doubting the feasibility of anything he desires to have done, which once made death welcome if only met under the king's eye and in his service, now begins to be lavished on the Workingman. That the tide would rise when the king wanted to sit below high-water mark, that gold could leave the kingdom if the king wanted it to stay, were things which no loyal subject would, in old times, openly admit. When the Dauphin asked his tutor if kings died, the most the latter would acknowledge was that they died "sometimes"; and everybody is familiar with the court lady's reply to the Abbé, who was afraid that a certain prince of the blood might depart without the viaticum, "that God Almighty would think twice before damning a man of the Prince's rank." Of course, if any of these people were questioned closely in private as to their beliefs regarding the king's person, they would probably have owned that in their secret souls their views about him were strictly rationalistic; but they none the less sedulously, and even religiously, cultivated a habit of mind about him which took him, though perhaps only imperfectly, out of the category of human beings, and made him a demigod or hero.

Now, the Workingman is beginning to play a part somewhat similar in our day, and exercise a similar influence on people's imaginations. We are all cultivating, with care and deliberation, in our literature, schools, churches, and legislation, a habit of considering him as a peculiar being, who is not to be gainsaid, or even reasoned with, and who must be saved at any cost from the hearing of unpleasant truths, and on whom it is almost wicked to hold that

the laws of the universe act injuriously or disagreeably. The Workingman's courtiers, we grant, are better men and women than those who throng royal ante-chambers, but they are not one whit more sincere or less superstitious. Whether one worships a man because he is his brother or because he is "his king" makes little difference in the position which the reasoning faculty holds in the worshipper's mind. If, for instance, we take up almost any of the papers which profess to devote themselves to progress in a peculiar degree, or any of the lectures that are delivered in the service of humanity, we shall find in nine cases out of ten that the fact that discontent exists among the working classes is of itself a sign that "something is wrong," and that, unless society or the government does something speedily (they nearly always cautiously abstain from saying *what*), something dreadful will happen, the facts of human nature to the contrary notwithstanding. We have had, apropos of the proposed Labor Commission, one of the usual outbursts of this kind of talk, even from ordinarily calm, moderate, and considerate writers, and we have half a dozen lecturers who make a profession of preaching that whatever the Workingman wants he must have.

Consider the question of capital. Everybody knows, at least in a general way, what capital is. It is the product of past labor, saved and put away for the support of the laborer while engaged in other work. There is not much of it in the world. The whole accumulations of the race would, if it stopped working, probably not keep it alive for three years. But the essential characteristic of capital is, that it is created by somebody's doing more work than is actually necessary for his support, and denying himself the pleasure of consuming all he has produced. Is it possible to conceive of a better title to a thing in the forum of morals than that which a man has to what he has created by his labor and refrained from consuming? Is there any habit which a civilized society ought more carefully to encourage than that of producing more than we consume, and saving it? Does not everything that is precious in civilization depend on its strength and prevalence? And yet, who that reads the average article, or lecture, or speech on the labor problem would not imagine that it was a deleterious practice which ought to be suppressed by law—that the saving man (the capitalist) was an enemy of the state, who ought in some manner to be prevented from ever having more than the men who do not save? And if we ask why, we are solemnly told that the workingmen who have no capital do not like capitalists, and want all to be on the same level—that is, nobody to have any savings.

Take, again, the employment of capital. As soon as capital begins to exist in a community—that is, as soon as it finds that it possesses more than is sufficient for the support of the producers of food, it begins to ask itself the question: "What shall we do with these savings?" The answer is always the same: Use them in the production of other things than common food and clothing: that is, of articles which will gratify the higher class of human wants. Now, when a community finds itself in a position thus to diversify its industry and gratify the higher wants which always make themselves felt as soon as the lower wants are satisfied, its capital or savings—by one of the most beautiful and effective of all the arrangements by which the world is governed—flows into the hands of those members of the community whose talents best fit them to discover what the strongest wants of the community are, and by what process of manufacture they may be most economically, that is, with least waste, be met; or, in other words, into the hands of good investors. To this class of persons, all those who feel that they have not these peculiar talents lend their money, if they have any to lend. Those who have none profit by the skill, and foresight, and sagacity with which this class finds out the prevailing needs and satisfies them; and in this way the great capitalists grow up. They could not be great capitalists if they were not prudent managers of the savings of the community. You may give a man as much money as you please, say ten millions, and yet, if he be not a natural capitalist, he will not have a cent left in ten years. He will have wasted most of it in producing articles nobody wishes to consume, or

making roads on which nobody wishes to travel, and what he has not wasted will have flowed silently but surely away into the hands of men who possess the faculties in which he has shown himself wanting. If we go into Mr. Stewart's dry-goods store in this city, we shall in nearly every room see men employed by him in subordinate positions who have tried to be capitalists, that is, to use a portion of the savings of the community in providing for its wants, and have failed. Now, what has happened in their case is, that under the operation of this law of which we are speaking, the community has dismissed them from the position of investors and sent them back to do mere ministerial work, while their capital has been transferred to Stewart and others like him who know how to use it.

This process is perfectly familiar to every man who has ever saved and tried to invest, or who has seen anybody do it. He knows that a large proportion of those who try to invest on their own judgment lose all they possess; and he knows that it is a perfect godsend to the mass of men to get one of the great business men to take his savings and put them where they will produce more. But who ventures to say this to the workingman when he comes along denouncing capitalists as tyrants and monopolists, and asking to have them dismissed, and the capital divided between Tom, Dick, and Harry, to be spent as they see fit, or to have it taken charge of by philanthropists and popular politicians? Capitalists, of course, have great power, and often abuse it; but by what law or regulation are they to be prevented from abusing their power without limiting the play of their judgment? This is the problem which society really has to deal with; but the task to which the workingman is setting himself, with the timid connivance or encouragement of people who ought to know better, is the discovery of some means of preventing capital from flowing into the hands of the only class in the community which is competent to use it, and he talks of the money in the hands of capitalists as if it were a simple means of personal gratification, the fact being that hardly any capitalist appropriates more to personal uses than any co-operative society would have to pay as a salary to a competent manager. There is no way under heaven in which the work of production will cease to need superintendence, or, in other words, can ever become a pure democracy. If we have co-operative societies, each one must have its business manager, in whose judgment it must confide, and whose orders it must obey, if the concern is to escape ruin in the competition with other societies. If we abolish competition, and convert the nation into one vast co-operative association, as the socialists would have it, who is to direct the machine? Who is to decide in what industry each man shall engage, and how much he shall produce, to give him out the raw materials and distribute the finished product? Are human faculties equal to any such task, to say nothing of the regulation of all the other social relations? Would it not need a board of archangels to discharge it, and is there not something melancholy as well as ludicrous in huge bodies of civilized men dreaming of a happy time in which these vast and complex duties should be performed by a general council or such other body, composed of voluble politicians such as now figure at labor reform conventions? Fancy the work of production going on under the perspicacious eye of Alexander Troup or General Cluseret or Vermesch, while Moses Taylor and H. B. Claflin or E. B. Bigelow stood idly by, or was put to digging or sweeping floors!

There is one other question to be considered on this subject, and it is that which lies below them all. Is it or is it not true that the condition of the Workingman in this country, like that of every other man, is made up in large part of the result of the free working of his own will, and of the operation of agencies which are among the mysteries of the universe? Can a workingman eat his cake and have it? Can a workingman, any more than any other man, spend all he earns and yet have something for a rainy day? If not, why should he, more than any other man, be saved from the direct consequences of improvidence? If he is lazy and idle, should he share in the gains of the active and industrious? What would

be the effect, we will not say on industry, but on human character, of any system in which there was no visible relation between what a man did and what he enjoyed or suffered? Is there any class of the community any more content or happy than the Workingman, and is there any mode of dividing happiness equally among all, or of rooting out from the human heart the envy with which misery, however caused, is sure to look on comfort, however won? How much of the sorrow of the world comes from death and disease? Why do children inherit bad constitutions and bad natures, and why does the sun shine on the just and the unjust? Why does the honest laborer fall from the scaffold and break his neck, leaving his family to destitution or charity? If the Commission knows of anybody who can answer all these questions, we trust it will summon him at an early day; if it does not, we trust that it, and all who counsel it, will give up pretending that there is a key to this labor problem, as some other people pretend there is a key to the marriage problem which human hands can find, and a single turn of which will take the bitterness out of toil and pain, and the sting out of unrequited love. What we need in the regulation of society, as well as in getting at the secrets of society, is facts, and the greatest fact of the labor problem, and the one of which the laborer and all of us should be constantly kept in mind, is that he is a man living among men. Of course there are things to be done for him by legislation. He is entitled to education and to security, and to the careful removal of all laws, whether affecting currency or taxation, which in any manner affect the distribution of products so as to disturb the natural relation between industry and high wages, frugality and savings, honesty and independence, peaceableness and peace, skill and talent and social elevation; in other words, the business of the state is simply to help him to train his faculties, and then to see that they have free play—this, and nothing more.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 15, 1871.

TODAY for the first time we have news which seems to imply the probability of the Prince of Wales's recovery. We are, of course, very much pleased and relieved. For the last fortnight we have all been following the fluctuations of his health, and, two or three days ago, hope had been almost abandoned. It was the general expectation of the lower classes, and it is an odd instance of that superstitious feeling which is always ready to break out on the slightest provocation, that the Prince would die yesterday, because it was the anniversary of his father's death just ten years previously. He has, however, survived that critical period, and, though I presume that he is far from being out of danger, it seems that his good constitution is likely to get the best of the struggle. In any case, the excitement of being all but spectators of such a fight for life by a strong young man would be considerable; and it is safe to say that the prestige which still attaches to royalty in England has given us an unusually keen interest in the case. In short, the nation at large has been moved in an unusual degree, and there will be very sincere rejoicings should the Prince be finally restored to health.

I will not enlarge upon a feeling which is sufficiently intelligible without further comment. Moreover, I refrain from doing so, for a reason which I can freely express in writing to you, though I should have some difficulty in obtaining a hearing elsewhere. Nothing, I should say, could be more right and proper than the genuine popular sentiment on the subject. There has been an outburst of sincere loyalty, which is, on the whole, becoming and creditable. But it must be added that, side by side with this, there has been an outburst of flunkeyism—I do not like the word, but I know no other equally appropriate—which has really gone near to turn one's stomach. If anything could have damped one's desire for the Prince's recovery, it would have been the unctuous and bombastic eloquence which has been overflowing from nearly all the newspapers. I do not think, in spite of some things that have been said on the subject, that Englishmen are much more given to the vice of foolishness than other people; and I am inclined to hope that it is simply the necessity of writing an article on the same subject every day which has led our journalists to imitate for a time the worst vices of popular preachers. Stronger language could hardly have been used if some fearful epidemic was decimating every household, or if we were in danger of losing some great and good man upon whom the national prosperity might be supposed to depend in good earnest. We hear of the general happiness being overclouded,

of a people cast into the profoundest gloom by a terrible suspense, of an agony of anxiety suspending all ordinary occupations, of a whole nation wrestling in prayer with God for the life of its dearest member. When I have had to attend a funeral, I have generally found that the most saddening part of the proceedings was the ghastly mockery of grief affected by the mutes and undertaker's men. I have something of the same feeling now. This ostentation of sorrow, trying to conceal its emptiness by preposterous exaggeration, affects me with genuine melancholy. Cannot a poor young man be allowed to die or to recover without having his deathbed surrounded by an army of officious mourners, howling and gashing themselves with knives (I speak metaphorically), and probably congratulating themselves in private on having such a good job? There has been a little army of reporters lounging about the outskirts of Sandringham, holding confidential conferences with persons, presumably footmen, whom, in their letters, they describe as "authoritative quarters," and spreading a variety of reports, to be contradicted in their next. Their eloquence is disgusting enough, and yet it is fairly surpassed by the leading articles in respectable newspapers. Well, indignation is out of place. It is the curse of kings, and has been so time out of mind, according to various moralists, that they are the objects of a sham adoration which conceals all genuine feeling. Weak as our monarchy has become in many ways, it seems to have as large a court of flatterers as ever, and, by the help of cheap newspapers, they have, perhaps, become more offensively blatant than of old.

The *Times* assures us that the illness of the Prince has quenched all party spirit—which is so far true that, having something else to talk about, we shall probably not begin to abuse each other as vigorously as usual for the next nine days. However, some very pretty quarrels are preparing, and I must venture to trouble you with an account of one incident which is likely to produce no small excitement on the meeting of Parliament. The Ministry have contrived to get themselves into a difficulty which was perfectly gratuitous, and for which it is really difficult to account. The history of the affair is as follows: For some time past it had been thought desirable to strengthen the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which is, as you are aware, the highest court of appeal in many cases, and which, for example, has to deal with ecclesiastical matters, and with an enormous mass of Indian and Colonial business. For this purpose, Government proposed in the session before last to appoint three judges, with the usual salary of £5,000 a year. The radical wing of the Liberal party objected to this plan, as offering a chance for jobbery, and succeeded in throwing it out in the pressure of business at the end of the session. A similar bill was introduced last session, and it was threatened with the same fate. Government thereupon expressed their readiness to insert any provision which would satisfy the virtuous scruples of its opponents. It was accordingly agreed that a clause should be introduced declaring that the new appointments should be given only to men who had already held certain high judicial stations. This, it was suggested, would prevent Government from making the new judgeships rewards for supporters of their own, whom it might be convenient to remove from the House of Commons. The bill was then allowed to pass, expressly on the strength of this concession. When it came to making the necessary appointments, there arose a petty difficulty. It is usual for judges to be allowed a clerk, with a salary of £500 or £600 a year, paid by the public. Government refused to make this allowance for the new judges, and the old judges and others qualified for appointment were more or less reluctant in consequence to accept the post offered to them with what they thought an ungracious reduction. Mr. Gladstone, and the Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, proceeded to evade the law by a very simple device. They made Sir R. Collier, the Attorney-General, judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and, having thus given him the necessary qualification, merely in order to qualify him, immediately transferred him to the Judicial Committee. Obviously, the effect of this was to make the clause I have described altogether nugatory. By thus colorably complying with the act, they could appoint any one they pleased, simply by giving him an ordinary judgeship as a first step. Nor could it seriously be urged that it was the only way out of the difficulty. The matter might well have waited for a month or two longer till the opening of next session, when, if none of the qualified persons had been willing to accept the appointments, Parliament could have introduced such changes as were necessary into the act.

A very strong feeling has been excited in the bar by this piece of sharp practice. The Chief-Justice, Sir A. Cockburn, wrote a strong protest to Mr. Gladstone, before the transaction was completed, saying, amongst other things, that the proceeding thus contemplated was one which he should have felt bound to stigmatize in the strongest language, if it had been brought before him as the act of a town-council. In spite of this protest, the appointment was carried out, and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hatherley wrote very brief and rather supercilious replies to the Chief-Justice, accepting the

responsibility of the whole proceeding. These letters have since been published, and it is the general opinion that the letter of the Chief-Justice is absolutely conclusive. Indeed, none of the papers which generally defend the Government have said a word in its defence, with the exception, of course, of Mr. Gladstone's faithful jackal, the *Daily Telegraph*. It would probably say that he had done quite right if he made himself emperor by a *coup d'état* to-morrow. The position is one of great difficulty; for it is almost certain that a vote of censure will be passed in the House of Lords, and it will be extremely difficult, even with the help of the strongest party discipline, to obtain the approval of the House of Commons. I speak, of course, without having heard what may possibly be said by Mr. Gladstone and his reasonable supporters. But at present the case looks as bad as it well can; Government seems to have cut off all possibility of retreat; and the Chief-Justice assures us, with every appearance of accuracy, that not a single lawyer could be found to defend the course adopted. Poor Mr. Gladstone had difficulties enough on his hands, what with the dissenters showing symptoms of mutiny, and the Catholic bishops bullying him to make concessions in Ireland, and prohibitionists and public-house keepers threatening him from different sides, and a general demand arising for careful legislation, with a body of legislators daily growing more disorganized and quarrelsome; and it seems to have been by a singular infelicity that he should have wantonly stirred up this hornets' nest of lawyers. Indeed, the question, though it sounds rather technical in its nature, is one of great importance; for the imputation made is that Government have disregarded that honorable observance of the spirit as well as the letter of an agreement which is essential to the satisfactory working of our constitution. Nobody, indeed, would accuse Mr. Gladstone of intentionally dishonorable conduct, but he is apt to be at once impulsive and dictatorial; and, having entirely overlooked considerations which ought to have occurred to any wary politician, he is forced to maintain an indefensible position. Opposition, of course, will make a vigorous assault upon his weak place at an early period, and, as it seems at present, with very good chances of success.

Notes.

ONE result of the Chicago fire has been to bring about a consolidation of the *Congregational Quarterly*, lately published in that city, with the *New Englander*, whose editorial board will be enlarged by the accession of President A. L. Chapin, of Beloit College, and Prof. Samuel C. Bartlett, of the Chicago Theological Seminary. The new arrangement takes effect with the commencement of the present year.

—A summary of the losses sustained by the Chicago Academy of Sciences in the memorable fire may not be without interest to the readers of the *Nation*, since among such are many of the class to whom it is important, in the words of a recent communication to its friends and correspondents, "to know what has become of scientific material known to have been in existence, if for no other reason than to save time which might otherwise be spent in its search." The accumulations, during the five years since the reorganization of the Academy, were of such magnitude that any enumeration or catalogue had been impracticable; and it will excite both surprise and regret to learn that the collections thus destroyed had actually cost, either by purchase or expenses of collection, not less than \$200,000. Among the more important were the following: The Audubon Club collection of game birds and mammals of this country, Europe, and Asia; the Walsh entomological collection, of great scientific value from its large number of types; the Cooper-Walker cabinet of marine shells, "one of the most complete in this country"; the Blatchford collection, fully illustrating the zoology of the Florida coast; the Hughes cabinet of minerals; the series of specimens of the collections of Bischoff and other naturalists of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, 1865-69, illustrating the natural history of Alaska; the Smithsonian collection of crustacea, "the largest alcoholic collection in the world," and containing, besides the types of species described by Dana and others, hundreds of new species undescribed except in MSS., destroyed at the same time; the invertebrates of the United States North Pacific exploring expedition, 1853-56, collected by Dr. Wm. Stimpson, and in great part undescribed, except in MSS., also lost; marine shells of the Atlantic coast of the United States (8,000 sets of specimens), the results of twenty years' dredgings and general research by Mr. Stimpson and his correspondents, and further enriched by illustrative specimens from the shores of Europe and the Arctic Sea, and from the tertiary and quaternary formations; the Gulf-stream deep-sea crustacea and mollusca, dredged by the Count de Pourtales, United States Coast Survey, 1857-59; tertiary fossils (miocene and eocene) of the

United States; mineralogical collections, including the best ever made of Galena minerals; the Scammon herbarium, 6,000 species, with duplicates; the exceedingly interesting results of the deep-water dredgings in Lake Michigan, conducted by the Academy in 1870-71; the Scammon collection of ancient Central American pottery; and, finally, the Kennicott collections, made by the late Director of the Academy, Robert Kennicott, in British and Russian America, 1859-61, one of the most important features of the institution. While, of course, many of these collections are duplicated in other scientific museums, some of the most valuable were unique, and consisted of entirely new material, either undescribed, except in the destroyed MSS., or else not at all worked up. In some respects, both as to material and literature, the Chicago Academy possessed the best working facilities in existence; as, for instance, in the marine invertebrata, the literature of which, particularly in the class Crustacea, was especially full and complete. Among the manuscripts destroyed were some which had been in course of preparation since 1849; others since 1853-56, illustrated by nearly 3,000 drawings, many of them colored; while for others the engravings had been made, as, for instance, for a work on the shells of the East Coast of North America, by Dr. Stimpson, for which about 200 illustrations had been engraved. One set of manuscripts comprised a series of "dredging papers," containing an abstract of explorations by the Secretary along the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to Florida, and in the Gulf of Mexico, a perusal of which would have been interesting at this time, when Agassiz has assumed the rôle of prophet in bathymetrical zoology. We are advised that the trustees of the Academy, notwithstanding their personal losses, have determined to rebuild, to resume the publication of the *Transactions*, and to re-establish, as soon as may be, the institution upon its former basis. Before the prevailing fashion of contributing to the rehabilitation of Chicago passes away, we bespeak attention to her scientific interests, and especially to this, their most creditable representative.

—The old maxim that bids physicians heal themselves is always more honored in the breach than in the observance; but a notable exception to the rule is manifesting itself in that most unlikely quarter, the legal profession in England. Everybody knows that, by time-honored prescription, four private bodies (for they disclaim the name of corporations), known as the "Inns of Court," exercise the exclusive right of "calling" their members to the English Bar. The position of a barrister is attended with various privileges and some social repute. But what are the necessary qualifications for it? Simply these: To have eaten six-and-thirty dinners in the hall of an Inn of Court, to have attended at, not to, a course of lectures, or the practice in some barrister's chambers, for a twelvemonth, and to have paid about £150 in fees. Fulfill these conditions, and you may write "Barrister-at-Law, Esquire," after your name without having read a page of Blackstone. In these irreverent days, however, so glaring an abuse and sham could hardly, however venerable, pass unquestioned; and happily the stir for reform comes from within. Under the presidency of Sir Roundell Palmer, the admitted leader of the Bar, the Legal Education Association has appeared before the public with a weight of professional support that compels attention to its programme. The Association was constituted over a year ago, an outline of its objects was introduced to the notice of the House of Commons towards the close of last year's session, and a few weeks ago it met to review the progress of its work. The aims of the Association may be stated in few words. They are, first, to establish an efficient central School of Law; and then to bring about that no person be admitted to practise either at the Bar or as an attorney without a certificate of legal proficiency, to be granted after proper examination by the Central School. Such requirements are not only recommended by common sense—their principle is practically recognized in France, Spain, Belgium, Italy, and in Scotland, in all which countries some systematic study of law, tested by examination, is an indispensable preliminary to the status of a lawyer. That the work of legal education in England must be taken out of the hands of the Inns of Court, Sir R. Palmer soundly and unmistakably insists. Those rich and ancient institutions (he says), governed by excellent men, whose misfortune it is to have inherited a worn-out system, have had five centuries, from Edward I. to Victoria, in which to show what they could do; and, to-day, they are clearly found wanting. The Association does not aim at any such amalgamation of the two branches of the profession as exists in the United States; but it would throw open every lecture in its school of law to students for both branches without distinction, and trust to each man following the studies specially bearing on his intended line of practice. Sir R. Palmer distinctly pledges himself to bring the question before the House of Commons early this spring, and his advocacy alone is sufficient to ensure it serious consideration and discussion.

—In the division "Belles-Lettres" of the general survey of "Contemporary Literature" in the *Westminster Review* for October, there is a valuable

notice of Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation," from which we extract the following:

"In a former number of this *Review* we suggested, in noticing Messrs. Clark and Wright's edition of Shakespeare, that the lines should be numbered as in a Greek play. We are indeed glad to find that our suggestion is supported by Mr. Ellis's authority, who has himself adopted the plan in his phonetic edition of 'Macbeth' and 'The Tempest.' 'Those,' he writes, 'who have been in the habit of using Mrs. Cowden Clarke's 'Concordance to Shakespeare,' where the reference is to act and scene only, will readily acknowledge the great convenience of having only to count the speeches to find the passage with tolerable certainty, instead of having to read through a whole long scene. It would be a great boon if subsequent publishers of Shakespeare would adopt this plan of numbering the speeches, which would give a means of reference independent of the size of the page, and serving for the prose portion as well as for the verses (pp. 919, 920). We believe that if any publisher were to venture upon such an undertaking, which involves not the slightest cost, as the work might be performed by any intelligent clerk, he would make a fortune. As all references would naturally be made to such a handy edition, its sale would probably be larger than all the others put together."

—We do not quote this passage to call attention to its slovenly English—and that of Mr. Ellis appears to be little less careless than his reviewers—but in order to point out the fact that the late Professor George Craik made, more than fifteen years ago, a much more useful suggestion than that made by the *Westminster Reviewer*, and approved and followed by Mr. Ellis. In that excellent little book, "The English of Shakespeare illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his 'Julius Caesar,'" published by Professor Craik in 1857, he says, in the preface, which bears date October, 1856:

"A merely mechanical innovation in the typographical exhibition of the text will at once catch the eye. The present is, I suppose, the first edition of a play, in any language, with the speeches numbered. Possibly it may be the first time that any one has thought of counting the speeches in a play. . . . At any rate, such a method as I have adopted seems to afford the only available means for distinct and expeditious reference. It has a double advantage over the mere pagination: first, inasmuch as a speech is usually much shorter than a page; and, secondly, inasmuch as the division into speeches is the same for all editions. The only other plan that has been, or that, apparently, can be taken, is to make shift with the ordinary division into acts and scenes."

After discussing this latter mode of reference, and giving good reason for its rejection, he goes on to speak of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare," and, having given the highest praise to the work as a noble monument of that lady's patience and carefulness—"it would be hard," he says, "to name a printed volume either of more difficult or more faultless execution; it is rare to find a single figure or letter wrong; it may be questioned if any equally elaborate work, literary or of any other kind, so remarkable for exactness and freedom from error, ever before proceeded from the female head or hand; even as it stands it is invaluable, and in a manner indispensable, for critical purposes"—he draws this conclusion: "But it is much to be wished that, before it was undertaken, there had existed an edition of the plays with the speeches numbered throughout, as in the present edition of 'Julius Caesar,' to which it might have been accommodated." We should in that case have found whatever we might seek, by its assistance, in about a fiftieth part of the average time that it now takes us."

—We remark, in passing, that Mr. W. J. Rolfe, who has made an American edition of Professor Craik's "English of Shakespeare," has adopted a plan for numbering the speeches which seems to us a poor thing, though his own. He numbers the speeches from the beginning to the end of the play, but puts a number against those only to which the notes in the "philological commentary," which follow the play, refer. Although the notion of numbering the speeches at all must have been suggested to his mind by the editor he was editing, he not only makes no acknowledgment of the fact, but omits from Professor Craik's preface the paragraphs in which he introduces and explains his very useful innovation. We are quite willing to lay to the charge of the printer the way in which these omissions are indicated, which is not by the usual asterisks making a line across the page between the paragraphs, so that the fact of an omission cannot be overlooked, but by four small points at the end of the last line in the paragraph. This may be thought a small matter, but we like to see justice done, and, individually, we wish to see justice done to Professor Craik, who was a most careful and judicious scholar, and, moreover, a most modest one, considering the usefulness of his literary work. We think that Mr. Rolfe should have printed Professor Craik's preface exactly as he wrote it, and, if he chose to adopt another way of numbering the speeches, he was at liberty to do so, giving his reasons for the change. We do not see that he could have given good reasons for the change, but he should at least have let his readers know who suggested to him the numbering of the speeches at all. As it is, between Mr. Rolfe, the *Westminster Reviewer*, and Mr. Ellis, the inventor of a most simple but at the same time most useful device is deprived of the credit which is his due.

—Among the various periodicals called into life by the creation of the new German Empire, the "Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung und Rechtspflege des Deutschen Reichs" ("Yearbook devoted to the Legislative, Administrative, and Judicial Affairs of the German Empire"), started and edited by Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, the distinguished professor of jurisprudence at Berlin, is sure to hold a prominent place. To justify this expectation, it suffices to indicate the main contents of the first number—first part of the "year 1871"—now before the public, together with the names of the contributors. Dr. Thudichum, of Tübingen, contributes the "Constitution of the German Empire, of April 16, 1871," with comments, documents, and an historical introduction; Dr. Metzel, of Berlin, a minute chronicle of the "Doings of the German Reichstag (first period, first session)"; Dr. Ludwig Bamberg, the well-known representative of Meitz in that assembly, a more popular and equally interesting and suggestive review of the same session; the editor, a critical essay on the spirit and the principal legislative acts of the new parliament; August Lammers, of Bremen, two thoroughgoing treatises on the "Commercial, Customs, and Consular Affairs" and the "Economic Legislation" of the Empire; and Dr. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, a series of "Observations on Points of International Law, in reference to the Franco-German War of 1870-71," treating, among other things, of the origin of the war, of explosive bullets, bombardments, African troops in European wars, *frances-tireurs*, balloons, capitulations, requisitions and contributions, and the expulsion of the German inhabitants from France. The last-named contribution cannot fail to interest in a high degree every student of international law, as well as every thinking mind, while most of the others must be welcome to all close observers of the wonderful advance of Germany in our day. The "Jahrbuch" is published in Leipzig, by Duncker & Humblot.

—The December number of *Blackwood* has a second article on "French Home Life," which will be found well worth reading as the judgment of a critic as friendly as he is well informed. His conclusion is that the French system of education makes better women than it does men, and that it is eminently successful in cultivating the family affections. On the latter point he remarks:

"The fact is—and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary—that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France. What we call 'united families' are the rule there, and the unity goes far beyond our usual interpretation of the word. It means not only affection and mutual devotion, but it affects the instincts of the nation to such a point that colonizing, and even, to a certain degree, foreign travel, are rendered impossible by it. Neither sons nor daughters will consent to leave their parents: the shortest absence is regarded as a calamity; and the population, as a whole, shrinks from expatriation, not because it is unfit to create new positions for itself (on the contrary, its adaptability is notorious), but because it cannot face a rupture of habits and attachments which date from childhood."

"Where French home life," continues the writer, "puts on a character of its own which distinguishes it from that of most other countries, and especially from England, is in the astonishing power which certain children exercise over their parents—a power almost as great as that which the parents themselves ought to possess over their children." And he gives the following extreme illustration:

"At a dinner-party of twenty people, two guests, man and wife, did not appear at the appointed hour; after wondering and waiting, the mistress of the house commenced her banquet. At ten o'clock in walked the absentees, looking somewhat foolish, but candidly confessing the motive of their absence as if it were quite natural. Their child, a girl of three, had been put to bed just as they were starting for the dinner; but when they went to fondly wish it good-night, the child said, 'Mamma, I won't let you go out.' The mother argued, but in vain. The child would not give way. The father came and tried his eloquence, with no better success. Then the small creature, seeing her advantage, increased her demands; not only did she insist that neither father nor mother should leave the house, but called upon them to immediately undress and go to bed. They faintly resisted; the baby grew imperious, and threatened to cry forthwith. That beat them, as the mother deprecatingly observed to her astounded listeners. 'Of course, when the sweet child told us she was going to cry, we were forced to yield; it would have been monstrous to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we both took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, redressed, and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late.'"

—We learn by a letter written from Rome to the *Athenæum*, by Mr. C. J. Hemans, that a statue in marble of Thorwaldsen is to be set up before the Barberini Palace by the prince of that house. Two studios formerly occupied by the artist are in the immediate vicinity, one on each side of the palace. The marble has been executed by Herr Wolff, one of Thorwaldsen's pupils, from a cast of the portrait statue which the artist made of himself, and which was left in Rome in the possession of his daughter. Herr Wolff's copy is of a larger size than the original, being seven feet high. It represents the Danish master at the age of sixty-five, in his studio dress, with a wallet and chisel in his hand, and leaning upon the model of his own statue

of Hope, which now adorns the monument of William Humboldt, near Berlin.

—The *Athenæum* informs us also of the death of Canon Rock, well known as an antiquarian, and for his zeal in promoting art studies in England. He prepared the excellent catalogue of embroideries styled "Textile Fabrics," at South Kensington, for the Art Department. The *Athenæum* says that his knowledge of this recondite subject resembled that of the erudite Dr. Bock, Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, whose writings deserve translating into English. Canon Rock deserves to be remembered as one of the most ardent promoters of that superb collection of antiquities, "The Loan Collection" of 1862—a collection never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to study it.

—A very excellent serial publication for a family where some of the members speak French is "Le Tour du Monde: Nouveau Journal des Voyages." It is published by the enterprising house of L. Hachette & Co., and is edited by M. Edouard Charton. There are already many subscribers for it in this country, and Christern has it always in stock. It is wholly devoted, as its title shows, to voyages, and every now and then a valuable volume devoted to some one country or city is made up from its numbers. Thus we have "Le Japon Illustré," by Aimé-Humbert—taken altogether, the most complete book we have about Japan—and, more recently, "Rome," by Francis Wey, which, to young people, is worth all the guide-books and descriptions of Rome that have been published. These books are carefully written in an interesting style, and filled with the most varied illustrations, very truthful, and beautifully engraved. Every subscriber to the periodical during the ten years that it has been in existence has become the possessor of these volumes and of many others, and has been able to make better acquaintance with them, perhaps, by reading the successive numbers, than if he had waited until they were collected into separate works. Either of these two books, the "Japan" of M. Aimé-Humbert, or the "Rome" of M. Francis Wey, would make a present of lasting value to any intelligent boy or girl.

TAINÉ'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THERE are two ways in vogue of writing the history of a literature. One is to give in detail the main facts in the lives of authors, the titles of books, the dates of their publication, and the success they met with, together with their influence upon their own and upon succeeding times. This forms the principal part of the work—the part upon which the labor of preparation is chiefly expended. Facts are everything, principles nothing. There is criticism, to be sure, but usually very little, and that little of a kind that leads the intelligent reader to wish there were none at all. The other method is entirely different. If it deal at all with names and dates, it is with the single purpose of setting in a clearer light the history of ideas. It is a scientific exposition of the changes that have taken place in the intellectual development of a people, the causes which have led to them, the results that have sprung from them. Its chief aim is to trace those principles of thought and action which, ruling the lives of men, have found expression in their literature. In this view, the subject leaves the province of annals, and passes into that of philosophy. Literature is in it bound up with the national life, and, in order to know the characteristic of the one, it is essential to study closely the other. Race, climate, political institutions, manners, and customs, all become of importance; for these all affect the man, and necessarily leave their impress upon the work he produces.

It is by the combination of both methods that the perfect history of literature will be written, if ever written at all; but up to the present time the former has been the one usually followed. Especially is this true in the case of works of this kind produced by members of our race, with its fondness for detail, its patient accumulation of facts, its aversion to general principles. But, even in the particular field chosen, with us the work has not been well done. Our histories of literature are full of information, but of information ill arranged, ill expressed, utterly undigested. Masses of fact are heaped together without any logical sequence, without any thread of connection save that of time—an important one, certainly, but by no means the most important. Men are treated of together solely because they happened to be born in the same period, just as words are placed together in a dictionary because they happen to begin with the same letter. These works are, in many cases, eminently useful; in nearly all cases they are pre-eminently stupid. Nowhere, indeed, has the ancient realm of dulness held its own more tenaciously, nowhere has it suffered less from even the semblance of invasion, than in the province of English literary history as written by Englishmen.

It is doubtful if, under any circumstances, more successful efforts have ever been made to disgust the human mind with literature itself.

The present work, which, originally published in 1864, has just been translated into English, is of an entirely different cast. It follows the second method so closely that, in the sense in which words have come to have a meaning with us, its very title is a misnomer. It is one of the last books on the subject that any one would take up with the hope of finding any definite information on any point in the history of English literature. Details, so far as they are brought in at all, are the common ones that can be found anywhere and everywhere. They are, for the most part, accurate, because they rarely go outside of matters well known. From one end to the other of these two bulky volumes scarcely a score of dates can be met with in the text. Numbers of inferior writers are not even spoken of at all. You may find them in Warton, the author tells us in one place—these good people who speak without having anything to say. Names high in the world of letters frequently fare no better. What are we to think of a history of English literature, as it is commonly understood, which, in an account of the great revival which followed the intellectual collapse of the eighteenth century, disposes of Coleridge in a few lines, mentions Keats once, and that casually, and does not even do so much as that for other prominent writers? Evidently, indeed, some of these authors have not been spoken of because they have never been read; it is equally clear in other cases that some have been read so slightly and superficially that there has been no independent criticism. Whenever, in fact, he comes to treat of inferior writers, Taine's opinions of them and their works vary little from the regular stock ideas. He generally does the correct thing, praises where everybody else praises, blames where everybody else blames. He looks upon Sterne as a sentimental scamp, finds Richardson very much of a bore, and even falls in with the fashionable denunciation of Pope, the representative of his classical age, in quite the style of modern English criticism. Yet, with all these deficiencies, if one is pleased to call them so, the work is not simply entertaining throughout; it is instructive. It is little praise to the author to say that he has written the best history of English literature that has yet been produced; he could not well have written one worse than those already existing; and the surprise which men have felt at finding a book on this subject which they could read without yawning has apparently led some of them to ascribe to it merits which its composer would not be likely to claim for it himself. For the work is really a criticism of English literature, as it appears in a few of its greatest authors, about whom the others, so far as they are mentioned at all, are grouped. In the fifth and last book, which treats of modern writers, Taine takes six as representatives of the tendencies now existing. What, in this place, he has done avowedly and with design for the representation of tendencies, he has practically done everywhere else for the illustration of the history of results. This is, without doubt, an incomplete way of giving an account of literature, but it is much the most attractive way; nor is it, in certain points of view, the worst as regards details of the highest importance. For the mass of men will not read books of this kind at all if they are compelled to wade through accounts of obscure authors, of whose names they have never heard, and whose writings they have neither the time nor the inclination to read.

To the production of a work written in this manner Taine has brought several qualifications—one qualification in particular, the highest of all; for clearly the first and most essential requisite for the critical treatment of literary history is a catholic sympathy. Important as is fulness and accuracy of knowledge, still more important is the spirit with which one undertakes and carries through such a task. He who sets out to write the history of a literature must not only be free from the prejudices and prepossessions of his own age, but must be prepared to share fully in the feelings and ideas which have touched the hearts and moulded the manners of the men of every age. Obviously a most difficult thing for any man to do; for some natures, probably, an impossible thing. It is hard for the most broad-minded one of us to keep himself from being swayed by his surroundings, yet an absolutely necessary thing for him who aspires to the position of judge. He cannot afford to forget that a literary work which has pleased any generation must have in it some qualities to command respect, however difficult it may be to the men of another generation to find them. Still more certainly must it have such qualities if it continues to be held in high esteem by the men of several generations, even though these may be comparatively few in number. The man who fails to appreciate the peculiar power of an author who has impressed himself upon his time may not be lacking in literary taste—for in that the time itself may have been deficient—but he is clearly lacking in literary sympathy. He has no right to criticise, or rather his criticism is of no value, because there is one class of sentiments and ideas with which he has not succeeded in placing himself *en rapport*. The student of literature who cannot appreciate both Byron and Wordsworth,

* "History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun." Two volumes. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

who admires Tennyson, but denies merit to Pope, may have depth of culture in certain directions, but he lacks breadth. The mere man of letters may consult and gratify the peculiar bent of his mind, may have his favorite authors, may indulge in capricious dislikes; but the critical historian of literature has no business whatever with preferences or aversions.

It is here that Taine's crowning merit lies. The literary information he furnishes is none of it new, and as regards amount is scanty. His philosophic views, his generalizations, his opinions of particular men, be they right or wrong, are likely to find many opposers. But the spirit with which he has discharged his task is not simply admirable on its own account. It has enabled him to do for English literature as a whole what no Englishman has as yet done save in part. "The tirade of calumny," he says, "was in vogue fifty years ago; in fifty more it will probably have altogether ceased. The French are beginning to comprehend the gravity of the Puritans; perhaps the English will end by comprehending the gaiety of Voltaire: the first are laboring to appreciate Shakespeare; the second will doubtless attempt to appreciate Racine." It is, accordingly, little wonder that a man of ability who writes in such a spirit should have been enabled, though a foreigner, to present the most vivid and attractive picture of English literature that has yet been drawn. This wide-embracing sympathy which enables him to see how the men of every age felt, and to point out the source of every writer's power, fails him nowhere—at least to any marked extent—save in his criticism of Butler, whose "Hudibras" is, in his eyes, not merely mean and malignant, but, what in a literary point of view is far worse, is also awkward and dull. Here he forgets his own principles. He forgets that a work which is not only mean and malignant, but likewise awkward and dull, does not continue to be read for two centuries. But this is a solitary exception. It is not, indeed, meant to be asserted that his views are always just or his conclusions always sound. It is that they are uniformly legitimate and fair. They are just and true in the light in which the facts upon which they are based appear to an acute observer, who looks at the whole subject from a standpoint altogether different from that occupied by a member of our race. Given his premises, you can hardly fail to accept his conclusions. It matters not that they are different from ours, that in some cases they may be unpalatable. Certain fundamental differences of opinion between the two peoples, perhaps between the two races, must be taken for granted, and for them the requisite allowance must be made. Thus, "The Campaign" of Addison, a fair specimen of the poetry of the prize-medal order, which to the English is generally so distasteful, receives his praise as "an excellent model of a becoming and classical style." True, he recognizes thoroughly that it is poor of its kind; but then each verse is full and perfect in itself, the epithets are well-chosen, the countries have noble names, and there are pretty turns of oratorical address. All the beauties which the Frenchman sees plainly are hardly visible to the Englishman, who simply feels that outside of half a dozen lines the poem is lifeless and insipid. Coming down to modern times, the very words with which he closes the work, "I prefer Alfred de Musset to Tennyson," make us conscious of the wide difference in tastes and sentiments between the two peoples. But it is a thing that has only to be recognized. There is no need of our quarrelling with it.

At the same time, there is always a tendency to push the doctrine of race too far, and Taine has strained it to its extreme limits. It is in race and climate, indeed, that he finds the origin of the leading characteristics of English literature. To him the Englishman has always been a barbarian—in no mean sense, be it understood. A barbarian he continues to be. Modified by centuries of cultivation, he is still, under the surface, the genuine representatives of those fierce warriors whose chief pleasures were to be found in fighting, gorging, and guzzling; who, with the hearts of lions and the stomachs of ostriches, were never happy save in slaughtering foes or washing down half-cooked pieces of boar's meat with huge bumpers of mead, quaffed from drinking-cups made of the horns of wild bulls. A lineal descendant of the Vikings, he, like them, loves the battle and the storm, as well in literature as in life. Civilize him, and place him in a country where the skies are sombre and the climate cold, where it is often dark in the middle of the day, where, when it is not rainy, it is foggy, where comfort is only attained by labor, where the struggle for existence is so fierce that large numbers must nearly work themselves to death to save themselves from dying—place him where he has such surroundings, and life seems to him a constant battle. Hence arises in him melancholy, the idea of duty, lofty contempt for outward show, stern and heroic courage. Seriousness becomes habitual. It enters into his character so completely that he even amuses himself in a melancholy manner. When the Protestant religion comes along with its contemptuous rejection of external forms, he takes to it naturally. Its enthronement of conscience as the supreme guide, its exaltation of moral over physical or intellectual beauty, its belief in an ever-present, perfect God, seeing all things, judging all things, still further intensify the native seriousness

of his disposition, deepen it often into gloom. Thus thoroughly ingrained into the character, it manifests itself everywhere in the literature. This, in a few words, is Taine's idea. Again and again he returns to it. That there is truth in it not many will deny; that it is the whole truth, that it has even half the influence which he imputes to it, few close students of our literature will admit. One cannot help feeling, in reading many brilliant but highly-drawn passages in this work which treat of the effect of race, that Calvin, with his stern creed, his deification of duty, his lofty conception of personal purity, was only saved from being Taine's typical Englishman by the unaccommodating fact of his being a Frenchman. Writing an account of English literature in accordance with a preconceived theory, the author has not only exaggerated English seriousness up almost to the point of caricature, but he has been led by it to ascribe to the men of the race what is true only of the men of a particular period. The same characteristics, for instance, which the modern Frenchman finds in Addison are found also by the modern Englishman. To the former Addison's ideas are commonplace; so they are to the latter. Taine assures us that Johnson's essays are a "national food," though to a Frenchman they would seem dull and insipid. Whether they were ever a national food or not, they certainly seem dull and insipid to Englishmen now, who accordingly never read them. Race and climate are great influences. It is the extravagant estimate put upon them which will ultimately lead to a denial of their having any influence at all.

As regards the details of his criticisms, the subject is too vast to admit of much remark. But in it the author is at his best. If there is little that is original in what he says of inferior writers, with the leading ones the case is different. There he is always fresh, suggestive, striking, and, what is even better, fully appreciative both of merits and defects. To be sure, there must always be differences of opinion. There are not likely to be many who will agree with the high estimate placed upon Ben Jonson, as compared with other dramatists of his age, particularly with Beaumont and Fletcher. Outside of lyric composition, in which his genius stood on a level with Shakespeare's, Jonson could hardly claim any such conspicuous superiority as is here accorded him; and the general neglect into which he has fallen shows strongly how little it is that traditional reputation can do for a man, save with critics, commentators, and historians of literature. It matters not that he was the literary autocrat of his own time, that his age rated him full as high as Shakespeare, if not much higher. His pre-eminent position then was due largely to extraneous causes, in no small measure to his vast acquisitions. For learning is always apt to impress one's contemporaries far more than wisdom, or even genius—a providentially blessed arrangement in a world where it is so hard to counterfeit the former, and so easy to counterfeit the latter; where, indeed, it takes usually a century to find out definitely whether a given individual has been a wise man or a fool. But, singularly enough, there has nowhere been drawn so satisfactory a picture of our great epic poet, with whom of all men a Frenchman might be supposed to have little in common. After the deluge of indiscriminate eulogy that has been poured upon Milton, it is refreshing to come across a writer who sees clearly the special characteristics of his genius, and points out plainly wherein his strength and weakness lay; above all, one who is not afraid to set forth sharply the truth in regard to that wonderful compound of sublime verse and prosy metaphysics which make up the "Paradise Lost." Perhaps it is only a foreigner who would have ventured to express so bluntly the feeling we all secretly entertain that Milton's Adam is very much of a prig; who would assure us so strongly that, in a literary point of view, there is full justification for that carnal sympathy we all have with the fallen archangel, a sympathy so profound that only an ample supply of grace can enable the most orthodox reader to wish success to his opponents. In the criticism of later writers, it will seem to most men that Wordsworth has not received that justice to which he is entitled by his ability and the influence which, in spite of absurd theories and insular narrowness, he has exerted. It is noticeable here that Taine holds steadily to the view, generally entertained by the poet's contemporaries both in England and on the Continent, that Byron was the greatest product of the literary revival that began with the close of the last century; and that he follows Goethe, and, for that matter, Byron himself, in regarding Don Juan as his masterpiece—both being views to which the English, after years of depreciation, seem on the point of returning.

Of this work there is one thing more to be said in conclusion. Whatever other faults it has, it is not dull. The reader may dissent; he may be irritated; he may, if of a certain class, be disgusted; but he will never be bored. The marvellous vivacity and grace which make French prose the most attractive of reading have not evaporated by transfusion into a foreign tongue. The translation, as a whole, is well executed. We have the author's own certificate as to its faithfulness; and, in spite of some expressions and idioms that are not yet known to classic English, and are never likely to be, it also justifies his additional testimony as to its elegance.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.*

WHEN Mr. Hoar produced, in the House of Representatives the other day, the Constitution and By-laws of the International as "the work of the leading minds of all civilized countries," and proceeded to base on them a proposal that the United States Government should institute an investigation into the condition of the laborer, with the view, we presume, to legislating for its amelioration, we could hardly avoid the conclusion that he did not know much about the International. We retain that suspicion still. In fact, we doubt very much whether many of its admirers in the United States know much about it, and their ignorance of it will go far to account for the widespread faith in the power and extent of the organization. M. Villetard's book will, therefore, prove very useful, and would prove still more useful if translated, by furnishing a very clear and succinct account, carefully supported at every step by documentary evidence, of the origin, rise, and real character of this attempt to transform society. He writes, it is true, avowedly as a partisan—that is, he does not conceal his dislike for the Association, and, indeed, acknowledges his book to be an "exposure"; but he writes with the restraint and moderation of an educated man, and, as we have said, is very cautious not to assert without proof.

He devotes four interesting introductory chapters to a sketch of the various attempts at social reform which have been made within the present century, and which have finally, obviously, and not unnaturally prepared the way for the foundation of the International. The earliest of these attempts in France, those of Saint-Simon and Fourier, like those of Owen, the Brook Farmers, and the Oneida Communists, and others in this country, were commendable in this, that they were the work of voluntary associations, whose members began the business of reform in their own persons, and sought to carry it on by their own labor and self-denial, and those of such persons as they could persuade into sharing their faith. In other words, they did not seek to destroy or weaken any of the natural motives to exertion, or any of the ordinary restraints on indolence or selfishness, or to make anybody share the cost of their experiments who did not choose to do so.

Louis Blanc was the first to propound the doctrine that competition, on which society is now based, and on which it relies to keep its members at work, and to keep their energies stimulated, and to determine the reward of their labors, should be abolished by governmental force, and the principle of co-operation substituted. Shame, and love, and the might of the individual conscience were, under his plan for the "organization of labor," to keep men from skulking, or taking more than an equal share of the good things of this life. The indolent were to be terrified into industry by the inscription over the door of the workshop—"The Lazy Man is a Thief." Society was to keep all producers fully employed, whether it wanted their products or not. He made a bold attempt, when he got into the Provisional Government in 1848, to put these ideas into practice, with what result everybody knows. His failure did not, however, kill the ideas. They took root, and grew, and grew all the more steadily because it was part of the policy of the Second Empire to let socialism work freely enough to terrify the middle-classes, and yet not freely enough to expose it to free discussion. The gagging of the press, combined with the debauchery and extravagance of the court circles, stimulated to the highest degree the fierce, malignant, and anti-social passions which burst forth so savagely last year.

Nevertheless, it was under the Empire that the International was founded. It took its origin from a visit paid by a large body of French workmen to the London Exhibition of 1862, where they were cordially received by their English brethren, who presented them with an address, in which the germ of the Association is to be found, and the contents of which deserve careful attention, not only because it is really the first document in the archives of the organization, or, as M. Villetard calls it, "its certificate of birth," but because it furnishes a ready means of determining the later tendencies of the association, and the justice of the reproaches heaped upon it by its enemies. The address, after the usual commonplace congratulations on the advent of the reign of industry and moral force, declares that as long as there are employers and employed, and disputes between them about wages, the workmen can only find safety in union; "that concord between masters and workmen was the sole means of diminishing the difficulties by which they are surrounded"; that the introduction of steam machinery on a great scale into industry "had made the proper remuneration of labor a problem of immense difficulty." It raised the questions—"Should the need of human labor diminish in proportion as the power of machinery increased? What is to become of those who have no work to do? Should they remain unproductive and elements of competition? Should they be allowed to die of hunger, or be supported by those who work?" These questions the English workmen did not, they said, pretend to be able to answer; but answered

they would have to be, and in the task of answering them "the co-operation of all—philosophers, statesmen, historians, masters, and workmen of all countries—was needed; it was every man's duty to take part in it." They then went on to say that, "in exchanging ideas and observations with the workmen of different nationalities, they would be able to discover more rapidly the economic secrets of different societies." Committees of the workmen of the two nations were, thereupon, appointed to keep up "a correspondence on questions of international industry," and, as a good many of the French workmen settled in London, the correspondence went on actively. So far, nothing could be more harmless or healthy than the aims and ideas of the new combination.

In the following year, 1863, the French workmen who had taken part in the fraternization in London, to the number of sixty, issued a manifesto after the general election of that year, asking that one of the two seats for Paris left vacant by a double election of the candidates should be reserved for a workingman—and they incorporated in their manifesto a declaration of their principles, in which, apart from the usual tirade against "the domination of capital," there was little that was objectionable. They asked, first of all, for the repeal of the law against workmen's combinations for strikes or other purposes, and then said: "The middle classes, our elder brothers, were able, in 1789, to absorb the nobility and abolish unjust privileges. We seek not to destroy the rights which the middle class justly enjoys, but to conquer the same liberty of action. Let no one accuse us of dreaming of agrarian laws or of a chimerical equality which would put everybody on a Procrustean bed, equal division, maximum of wealth, forced loans, etc. No; it is high time to have an end of these calumnies, propagated by our enemies, and adopted by the ignorant. The liberty of labor, credit, solidarity—these are our dreams." Their candidate, however, was badly beaten; but in the Corps Législatif, in the spring of 1864, the law against combinations was repealed under the auspices of Emile Ollivier, who had just begun to coquet with the Empire. In September of the same year, the French workmen being now at liberty, the International Association was founded at a great meeting in London, at which delegates from both countries were present, and the "Declaration of Principles," which we published in last week's *Nation*, and which is chiefly remarkable for its vagueness, was drawn up, and a general plan of organization framed, and arrangements made for the holding of the first "General Congress" at Brussels, in the following year. In the interval, the work of propagandism, enrolling members, and raising funds, was carried on vigorously both in France and England, and the most startling stories of its success published in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the leaders did not feel sufficiently assured of their success to hold the proposed public Congress at Brussels; so a "conference" in London was instituted for it, the proceedings of which were strictly secret, and arrangements were made to hold the Congress at Geneva, in 1866. The organization, as now completed, consisted of (1) "Sections," forming, when sufficiently numerous in one locality, a (2) "Federation" (or if not sufficiently numerous, a "Local Committee"), while the various federations sent delegates to a (3) "Federal Council," which reported (monthly) to a (4) "General Council," which sat (and sits) in London, and directs the whole body. The "General Congress," a public and general reunion, is held in various places at varying intervals. When we say that the mass of the members are poor and ignorant workmen, and that the managers of the Federations and Federal Councils and General Council are largely composed of old agitators, conspirators, and revolutionists, we give some idea of the extent to which the organization can be called democratic. The privates in the army contribute towards the "reorganization of society" and the destruction of the old civilization from twenty-five to fifty cents a year; but even at this rate there have been serious complaints at headquarters about money.

At the Congress at Geneva, the discussion was confined within very safe limits. The topics were working-class associations, strikes, popular education, labor of women and children, hours of labor, relation of labor and capital, taxation, currency, weights and measures, the necessity of re-establishing Poland, standing armies, religious ideas, benefit societies. There was a great deal of queer stuff talked on all these matters, but nothing at all alarming; but it was evident that the English and the Continental delegates had already begun to take widely differing views of the work before them. The English were disposed to confine themselves to the simple question of wages, while the French were in favor of war against the whole "capitalist system," as they called it, and, in other words, wanted to enter at once on the great work of "reorganizing society."

Another Congress was held at Lausanne the following year, at which it was evident that decided progress had been made in the French direction. One of the first things done was to denounce co-operative societies, as tending to improve the condition of a portion of the working-class, while leaving the rest "out in the cold," instead of using radical methods and oper-

* *Histoire de l'Internationale*. Par Edmond Villetard, Rédacteur du *Journal des Débats*. Paris: Garnier Frères. 1872.

ating on the whole social system (*l'ensemble de la société*). There was, however, no open attack on property, beyond a resolution calling on the state to take possession of "the means of transportation and travel, in order to annihilate the powerful monopoly of the great companies, who, in subjecting the working-classes to their arbitrary laws, assail both human dignity and individual liberty."

The third Congress was held at Brussels in 1868, and here resolutions were reported and adopted by thirty votes to four, fifteen out of the forty-nine delegates not voting, declaring that all machinery ought to belong to the workingmen exclusively, and that all quarries, coal and other mines, as well as railroads, should belong to the "Social Collectivity"—that is, the state, but not the state as the unregenerate know it, but the "state regenerated and subjected to the law of justice"—and should then be granted to companies of workingmen, who should guarantee "the rational and scientific working" of them, while the state should examine the accounts and see that there was no "reconstitution of monopoly," and that all the members got their due. This was not all, however. The Congress also resolved that the land ought to belong to "the Social Collectivity" also, in virtue of what it called the "economical evolution," and should be by it leased out to other companies of workingmen, who should work it under the same system as the mines and quarries and railroads. There was not after this much left to individuals, but what little there was, was by other resolutions also handed over to the "Social Collectivity"—the canals, high-roads, and telegraphs, and forests. It will be readily perceived that anybody who could not get into one of the "companies," or could not make himself agreeable to the "Social Collectivity," would probably find himself in a very bad plight. And let us tell Mr. Hoar that this work of his "leading minds" is recorded in the official reports of their third Congress. What does he think of the "Social Collectivity" and the "economical evolution"? How would he like to be drafted into a "mining company" or an "agricultural company," with nothing in the world he could call his own but his clothes, and with his title even to these clouded by uncertainty as to the views of the "General Council" on the subject of the best form of covering for the human frame?

At Bâle, however, in 1869, another Congress was held, in which "the advances" in ideas was very marked indeed. There had by this time a division arisen in the ranks. Some members were not prepared to hand everything over to the "Social Collectivity"; but at the same time could not bear the odious name of "Individualists" which the "Collectivists" applied to them, so they provided themselves with a new name, "Mutualists," and they brought before the Congress their method of "emancipating the laborer"—which was to treat all leases, and hirings of houses, farms, and other property, and all loans, as absolute sales or transfers, or treat the rent and interest as part of the purchase-money or repayment. In this way, if a man hired a house worth \$20,000 for \$1,000 a year, he would in twenty years be its sole proprietor, or in ten would own half of it; or, if he borrowed \$1,000, he would, by paying the interest, reduce his debt by \$70 annually. Attractive as this plan was, however, it did not take very well, a large portion of the Congress being "Collectivists," and not willing to let the "Mutualists," or anybody else, acquire property even by this fascinating method. The Congress, under the auspices of M. Ecarius, a tailor, then took up the question of inheritance, this gentleman proposing to levy an enormous legacy duty, to be applied to "social amelioration," and the committee reported that "the complete and radical abolition of the right of inheritance was one of the essential conditions of the emancipation of labor." M. de Paepe, a Belgian "leading mind," defended the right, and said its destruction would do nothing for "social liquidation"; but M. Bakunin, the Russian nihilist, who was one of the delegates, stoutly maintained that "their clothes were all that parents should be allowed to transmit to their children," and he explained what was meant by "social liquidation" by saying that it was the confiscation of all property by the abolition of the state considered "as a political and juridical body."

There was to be another Congress held at Paris in 1870, had not the war broken out, but we have the programme laid down for it by the "General Council," and we may form from the nature of the topics presented for discussion an idea of what the nature of its proceedings would have been. These are "the necessity of abolishing the public debt; the relations between the political action and the social movement of the working-classes; practical means for converting property in land into social property; the conversion of banks of circulation into national banks; the condition of co-operative production on a national scale."

Of the part played by the International in the siege and in the war of the Commune, nothing very definite seems to be known, and, indeed, its connection with these events in any way seems to be inferred from the appearance of leading members of the International in prominent positions in the

various tumults, émeutes, mutinies, and revolutions which attended and followed the fall of the Empire. They entered largely into the National Guard in Paris, but the objective point of their battalions throughout the great siege seems to have been the Hôtel de Ville, and the unfortunate Clement Thomas probably doomed himself by his vigorous exposure of their cowardice and insubordination when led against the Prussians. In the troubles of the South, International chiefs figured prominently also. The fact is, however, that the Association, far from repudiating connection with the Commune, has shown itself anxious to assume as much of the responsibility of that body as possible. The International periodicals throughout Europe published impassioned defences of it, and the sections and federal councils in various places, both in France, Germany, and Italy, passed resolutions in the same sense. But at last the General Council sitting in London removed all doubts on the subject by issuing a long official address on "the civil war in France," containing an elaborate apology for the Commune and for all its doings, from first to last, and a fierce personal attack, teeming with charges of the vilest nature, on all the members of the French Government, justifying the massacre of the hostages, and indulging in the wildest denunciations of the existing social order, of capitalists, ministers, lawyers, and courts. What is, perhaps, most remarkable in this document, and what shows the real position of the Association towards society as at present constituted, is the way in which it defends the murder of the hostages. Among these hostages there were no fighting men. They were all, or nearly all, priests, and the Archbishop of Paris and President Bonjean—the chief-justice of one of the highest courts, an old man, who had passed a blameless life, absorbed in the duties of his calling, and had never been mixed up in politics—headed the list, and it must be remembered they were all carefully selected beforehand. The Commune executed them at the last moment, when the resistance was nearly over; Ferré, and others like him, for whom no civilized community has, in the present social order, any better place than the penitentiary, doing the bloody deed. Now, the International might readily have excused this atrocity on the ground that it took place in the confusion of the final assault, or was the work of irresponsible zealots; and it might have condemned it outright, without in any way retarding thereby the "emancipation of the laborer." It boldly declared, however, that the massacre was justifiable, on the ground that it was "the only means of putting bounds to the savage ferocity of the bourgeois government," referring to the ferocity with which the Versailles treated their prisoners. The Versailles, however, executed nobody but fighting men or women, taken with arms in their hands, and the proper retaliation—if retaliation were proper—for this would have been the execution of Versailles prisoners. The killing of the priests and lawyers—that is, men of the most peaceful professions—showed that the Communists sought to strike (and the Internationals, indeed, almost avow it) not at Thiers and his army simply, but at the society behind Thiers and his army, that is, at modern civilization and all its works and ways. The burning of Paris had the same object in view, though the Internationals talk of it as a measure of strategy, for it was committed when the fighting was nearly over. Indeed, it was foreshadowed in a letter which one of the Communal generals, our own Cluseret, wrote from New York in February, 1870, to a leading International, Varlin, in Paris. Referring to the probable downfall of Louis Napoleon, he says: "When that day comes, we must be ready, physically and morally. On that day—we or nothing! . . . On that day—and I never say yes when I mean no—Paris shall be ours, or Paris shall cease to exist." It is easy to see, in short, that we are here dealing with barbarians compared to whom the Goths of Alaric were peaceable and reclaimable. We have left ourselves no space to speak of M. Villetard's suggestions as to the manner in which the International should be met and combated, though this is a very interesting branch of the subject, to which we shall shortly return.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

WE note that the Scrooge and Marley, Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit, variety of Christmas makes rather less of a figure in the January magazines than it has made in some years. Perhaps the authority and example of its inventor, with his effusiveness of sentiment, were needed to keep in countenance the kind-hearted writers whose milk of human kindness it must have been a somewhat discouraging business to set out in such quantities before the un-effusive American. Be that as it may, in one of the magazines before us we even find a writer presenting us with a cold, cynical view of Mr. Scrooge: In the solemn woods, under an adamantine sky, stands a cottage, which you would hardly notice in the gathering twilight but for a little wisp of smoke curling from the chimney, and growing feebler and feebler, as if it intended in a minute to draw up its attenuated tail, and disappear altogether. Within sits Arthur Tyrrell, and beside him, gathered around the chilly hearth, sit

his wife and his little boy and little girl. It is Christmas Eve. A cold wind rushing from the recesses of the forest finds entrance through many a crevice into the Tyrrell cottage, where the last stick from the wood-pile alone defies its challenge, and sits, damp and cold, on every chair, and lies down on every bed, and embraces with a cold embrace every member of the Tyrrell family. The father's fate and heart alike are hard; he gazes moodily out of the window, while the children cower closer to the fire, their innocent questions about Santa Claus piercing their mother's bosom. By-and-by the father rises, and draws about him his threadbare but scrupulously neat coat, which is scant, indeed, as a protection to his form—never robust, and once, in better times, daintily nurtured. He sighs as he looks towards the hearth, and then, hastily taking from the nail his well-brushed straw hat, he leaves the cottage. He passes by the shops where the light from the evergreen-wreathed gas-burners falls on bowls of mince-meat, on heaps of luscious citron, on piled-up boxes of layer raisins, all open, on barrels of Philadelphia apple-butter, on enormous geese, which the jolly butchers are knuckling to show how fat they are, on festoons of sausages, on ribs of streaky pork, on whole flocks of featherless turkeys, swinging themselves by their feet, and reaching down to whisper with the mallard ducks and the canvas-backs about the forest of tame celery in the back part of the bay-window seat. All these Arthur Tyrrell passes, and the warehouses, too, with the heaps of marbles, the toy drums, the jumping-jacks, the Christmas-trees, the boxes of paints, the galloping rocking-horses, the creeping dolls for Aggie, the magnifying-glasses that might be so useful to little Arthur, now that he has to learn his lessons at home, his shoes being unfit for the long walk to the schoolhouse. The straw hat being pressed down over his eyes, as he strides on Tyrrell does not see that he is followed. His landlord, Stephen Skarridge, to whom he is in arrears, is dogging him to see how much he expends in holiday purchases. But he keeps on his way, leaving behind him the markets and the toy-bazaars, and old Stephen follows him into the poorest quarter of the town, where the only sign of wares that could be thought of in connection with Santa Claus is a little magenta-colored popcorn in some small huckster's window, or, even less tempting, the display of shiny apples, rubbed into daily brightness by the handkerchief of the old Irish lady at the corner, whom Stephen Skarridge, as he passes her, sees with malicious satisfaction to be shaking, not alone with cold and the palsy, but with terror also, for she, too, is his tenant, and she knows well that, unless the month's rent is paid within the week, the miser will distrain and the apples be seized. Arthur Tyrrell at last pauses and enters a poverty-stricken den, where he buys a mackerel for the Christmas dinner, and a little lard in which to fry it. But his marketing he has hardly taken home, and shown to his wife and children, when the landlord, entering, demands the rent, and, failing to get it, takes possession of the mackerel, and walks off amid the outcries of the children and the stifled weeping of Mrs. Tyrrell. We need not relate how Mr. Skarridge goes home and falls into a dream; nor need we say how black his conduct as a landlord appears to him after he has heard it commented on by the dwarf who sits on the ledger and reads off to the fairy, the giant, and the mackerel, the amounts which, in his opinion, Stephen owes to his various tenants; nor will anybody need to be informed that next morning, when the Christmas carols wake up somebody in old Skarridge's bed, it is not old Skarridge that it wakes, but an entirely new Skarridge, who at once rises and goes down-town, with a wallet which is full of checks when he arrives at the tenement-houses, but nearly empty when he comes back, and who, after coming back amid the cheers of the children, pays a visit to the cottage of the Tyrrells, and, instead of taking away the lard as well as the mackerel—which the Tyrrell children forbode that he intends to do—makes Arthur Tyrrell a present of the Hillsdale Farm, with a house in good repair, and an orchard well stocked with young trees, and gives to Mrs. Tyrrell shares of New York Central and other roads, and bonds of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, to the amount, in the joint total, of nearly ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of a Christmas dinner, and a thousand dollars in greenbacks for immediate wants.

But if in the story of "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas"—which is written by Mr. F. R. Stockton—*Scribner's Monthly* admits some not wholly unnecessary satire upon the magazine writer's habitual exaggeration of the sentiment proper to Christmas times—an exaggeration necessary doubtless, but which must be managed with more care than is usual, if it is not to leave the sentiment in danger of seeming altogether factitious—the editors have nevertheless taken care that due recognition shall be given to the natural kindness which the season calls forth. They give, as a set-off to Mr. Stockton's gilding, no less than five articles, which are generously devoted to the manger at Bethlehem, the yule-log, and the mistletoe. None of the five is of particular value apart from its opportuneness, the best being a translation by Mr. Bayard Taylor from the German of Rückert. It was hardly worth while to translate it, as it is much the same thing as a poem quite well known, we should say, in which a little match-girl, wandering about the

streets on Christmas night, and seeking everywhere the lights in merry-making households, sits down in the snow, and makes a Christmas for herself by lighting all her matches one after another, which, being done, she perishes of cold. The maker of the English poem may, to be sure, have borrowed from Rückert and improved upon him.

Mr. Joaquin Miller contributes to *Scribner's* a fairly good California sketch, of a kind not unfamiliar, entitled "The Last Man of Mexican Camp." We cannot speak from our own knowledge of such places as Mexican Camp, but we have a notion that Mr. Miller's sketch may be nearer the reality than most similar pieces of work, though we do not know of any one of the noted writers who have used this California material, who equals an old miner or Pacific Coast pioneer either in the vividness or apparent life-likeness of his picture of the strange life of that region. California is also in part the subject of the opening article of this magazine, which gives an account of a visit to the Yo-Semite Valley, made by a party apparently composed of politicians and journalists, who apparently enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The account has so much liveliness and jocoseness that its writer, Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, must, we fancy, have been what is known as "the life of the party." This article has better things in it, too, than the jokes and good nature of which Mr. Bromley is prodigal, and shows sincere enjoyment of the grand and beautiful sights of the wonderful valley, and an ability not to be disregarded in the matter of setting down his impressions. *Scribner's* contains much other matter which no doubt its readers will find acceptable, but we believe we need mention only the editorial notes entitled "Culture and Progress at Home," and Rev. George B. Bacon's essay on "Spiritual Quackery." In the former the editor takes for granted the right of the theatres to exist, and offers his readers regular criticisms of the drama as enacted on our New York stage. This is worth remarking when it is remembered that among the readers of *Scribner's* a very large number of church members are counted, and that no long time ago such readers would probably have withdrawn their subscriptions if the editor had mentioned the stage without denouncing it. Mr. Bacon objects, in forcible language, to certain practices which have more or less vogue in the churches. What it is that Mr. Bacon condemns those of our readers will know who have had opportunity to observe the conduct of revivals, especially when an "Evangelist" or So-and-so, "the boy preacher," has been called over into Macedonia. Those who have not had such opportunities will understand, when they read an announcement or two like these, why Mr. Bacon does well to be angry: "We hope for a crowning season of power to-night. Doors open at seven." "There will be a meeting at such a place, on such an evening, with preaching by Mr. So-and-so. We expect the Master to be present to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." This way of thinking and speaking, like the denunciation of the opera and the dramatic stage, has a good deal gone out of late years; but Mr. Bacon is doing good service in attacking it, as formerly he has done good service in attacking other church practices which are the children, and the fruitful parents also, of presumptuous ignorance and a needless intolerance.

Lippincott's Magazine as well as *Scribner's Monthly* feels the influences of the season, and comes out with a quantity of poetry and prose calculated for New Year's and Christmas. We do not see, however, that Miss Carpenter, in *Lippincott's*, any more than Miss Rossetti, in *Scribner's*, disabuses us of our belief that the Christmas carol is a sort of composition that nobody now should attempt. "Brown's Christmas Bundles," too, will not make any of us sorry that there are to be no holiday magazines next month, nor occasion regrets because the end of the Poker Flat literature is—must be—near at hand. Such numbers of murderers with their hearts in the right place, and district judges who shoot quick, make one after a while almost homesick for Anthony Trollope and justice of the quorum, who shoots nothing bigger than partridges, and the parsonage tea-tables, and the tepid young woman with the croquet-mallet.

"The Story of Noel," by "Ouida," is best worth reading, we believe, of all the holiday stories in the magazines. It has a bad ending, as both a good story teller and a good story reader would say; but, taking us into Flanders as it does, among the peasantry, and telling its tale of domestic affection and boyish aspiration in art and in love, it pleases the reader by the goodness of feeling which pervades it, and by the comparative freshness of the scenery in some of the incidents. So, also, for its freshness, "A Russian Family Wolf Hunt" will be liked; and Mr. Whympers' scrambles and escapes, and careless, chaffing good nature or self-satisfaction are perennially fresh and entertaining, though persons familiar with Alpine topography will find Mr. Whympers more interesting than the average magazine reader will find him. For the rest, we can recommend in the January *Lippincott's* some verses entitled "In Good Time" as being thoughtful, and giving at the end an unexpected turn to the thought; an article on "Types of Castilian Vagrancy" which is agreeable; some lauds and praises of "The Coming Woman," who

we are, for several reasons, gratified to see is, apparently, not coming after any husband; a jocose and rather amusing story about a family cat; and another of Professor T. B. Maury's articles about the storm-signal system.

In "The Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's* Mr. Curtis has something to say about the capital, the statuary in Washington, the Hall of Representatives, and the representatives themselves; and on all these topics he talks more respectfully and doubtless more justly than is nowadays common. For some years now the oldtime fashion of glorying in the Federal Congress has been superseded by a habit of regarding that body as rather a joke than otherwise. Some part of the change from the days when a place in Congress was the goal of the highest and most active ambition, to these days, may very likely be due to the long agitation against slavery which, while it habituated great numbers of persons to hearing the Constitution denounced as a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell, habituated them for a long time to hear of congressmen as being inspired by small doughfaced devils and others of the meaner emissaries of the pit. Mr. Hosea Biglow, for instance, did not encourage his neighbors to regard honorable gentlemen from Connecticut and Louisiana as venerable names; and there were plenty like him and his neighbors before the agitation was over. The war undoubtedly increased the actual power of Congress very greatly, but the popular respect for it certainly was not increased in equal proportion, and its history after the war, during the impeachment days and while the long process of reconstruction went on, did not raise it in the opinion of a public accustomed to the effectiveness and promptness of military measures and to the free use of common sense which business affairs necessarily teach. A great deal, too, of the change of which we speak has been brought about by the irreverence taught us by the graceless newspaper press, to which for a good while nothing on earth has been really sacred, and whose conductors, indeed, have some time since persuaded themselves that they are of more weight than many congressmen, as indeed they are, in many respects, so long as they can sell their papers. Mr. Curtis does not say yes or no to this estimate of the power of the press as compared with Congress; indeed he has nothing to say about it, the question not being raised or discussed by him; but he makes some remarks worthy the attention of the scoffers who, when House or Senate is mentioned, are apt to think of Mr. B. F. Whittemore, or Mr. Zachariah Chandler, or Mr. Boutwell's impeachment eloquence, or the financial policy of Mr. Morton, or the broad views of Mr. Edmunds, or the simpler faith of Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. Curtis points out the difficulties of the congressional arena, and shows how mistaken a notion it is that power of some kind is not absolutely necessary to the man who would be of any weight on the floor of either house. No doubt he might have shown, too, that on the whole and in the long run not even personal force, readiness, and parliamentary knowledge are a match for sound sense, sound morality, and courage. Mr. Curtis's comments on some other things at the capital, as Greenough's statue of Washington, are abundantly kind; and it is being superabundantly kind, and perhaps far kinder than any one who is an accepted public teacher has any right to be, to speak of Miss Ream's statue of Lincoln, as it is called, in the mild words of condemnatory criticism which Mr. Curtis employs. It is outside of the vocabulary of art criticism that one goes when one speaks as one should concerning such pieces of national property as that is, bought and sold as that was, and standing where it does.

Other articles in *Harper's* for January which we have read with some pleasure are two illustrated articles, the one about Holland, the other about the Danish West Indies, which figure so in so creditable a chapter of American history and the history of the old Senate Committee for Foreign Affairs. There are, besides, an illustrated article about the Kemble family; another about Greenland; another entitled "The Poetry of the Zodiac," which is instructive, and a discussion, by Mr. W. H. Dall, on the question whether or not "Alaska is a Paying Investment," which Mr. Dall answers to his own satisfaction in the affirmative. As Mr. Dall remarks, his method of computing the value of given portions of the national territory is not one that leads to very conclusive results, a great part of the value of a State or Territory to the amount at large being not directly ponderable in commercial scales. Probably it was not because we thought we were making money by the transaction that we bought Alaska.

The *Galaxy* promises that it will publish during 1872 several papers by prominent public men, which, in view of the approaching Presidential contest, will be more important and of more engrossing interest than the similar papers by Mr. Welles, Mr. Black, Mr. Weed, and others, which have already appeared in its pages. There is nothing the public would like better than the setting up of some such public confessional or witness-box, and it is to be hoped for the publisher's sake and everybody's else that the *Galaxy* may more than keep its promise. These articles have not yet begun, but the present number has a promising paper by General Custer—the first of a series called "My Life on the Plains"—and a good article by Mr. W. M. Rosen-

blatt on the religious attitude of the Jews in America. We detect no errors in it, and recommend it as being, so far as it goes, correct in its statement of facts and in its inferences. This number of the magazine contains also the beginning of a series of articles by a lady who for fifteen years lived among the Shakers, holding their faith and practising their observances. Her story is another chapter of the interminable record of human folly committed in the name of religion and in defiance of reason; but it has its special interest, and bids fair to be worth reading. We do not say as much for Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Archbishop Manning," in which there is so much "liberality" that the reader finds himself wondering where all the enemies are gone to out of this world, and if the blessed time has come when it makes no difference how great our differences may be, and when a good hater is a contradiction in terms. And we dare say that a good many readers who know something about Archbishop Manning and the state of his mind will find themselves, as they read Mr. McCarthy's essay, desiring somebody to say that, as a matter of fact, the Archbishop is not at all a man of great intellectual gifts, acute, penetrating judgment, and so on, but that, on the contrary, were his grace's entire contributions to the world's present stock of ideas and of sound sense to be removed and disappear, the subtraction would be very much the same thing as the subtraction of a minus quantity.

The *Atlantic* for January is a number which is throughout thoroughly readable, though—if the heavens must fall—there is more in it to be taken for good as coming from good quarters than as being especially good in itself. For example, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. T. W. Parsons, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and Mrs. Celia Thaxter, all and several of them contribute poetry, which would not altogether have made any one of them as much of a reputation as is owned by many people a good deal less considerable than the least of them. Perhaps Mrs. Thaxter's and Mr. Harte's verses have as much in them as any of their companions, Mr. Harte's being a more perfect union of his Eastern manner and his Western than he has before succeeded in making. The return of the sailor is quite after Mr. Harte's old dramatic fashion, and there is some of his old subtlety in the jealous hardness of the mother-in-law, so unconscious of it herself, and so clearly perceiving as she does "the hard, cold Edward's blood" of the more sensitive wife. We wish that "Grandmother Tenterden," besides showing Mr. Harte's own two methods in better union than hitherto, had lacked the admixture of Jean Ingelow also. Poetry at least fully as good as any contained in this poem is required to make up for such a blemish.

Mr. Parton's writing we always rather dislike to read, partly because we do not find that we have that confidence in his statements which he himself would concede to be desirable, and partly because we do not enjoy such utterances as this, for example, which closes a question we should keep open: "The world would never have heard of the Palmerstons if the second Lord had not married the admirable daughter of a Dublin tradesman"; or, take this statement concerning Chatham and King George the Third: "Fauquier could tell the student [Jefferson] something of the mighty genius who found his country an island and left it an empire," and in the student's first year at college, Mr. Parton goes on to remark, though he has no occasion to say anything about it, young Jefferson might have read in the papers "the account of the accession to the throne of George the Third, who found his country an empire and left it an island." The credit of such felicities as these should almost be divided between Mr. Parton and the proof-reader who does not expunge them. It would puzzle either of them to say in what respect the Britain of the Napoleonic wars, mistress of India, of a third of North America, of the seas and their islands, of colonies and posts under every sun, was less imperial, standing the acknowledged leader of Europe, than she was in 1760. However, although Mr. Parton's prejudices and the curious temerity—almost, one would say, indicative of a certain moral obtuseness—with which he hazards assertions of the most dogmatical character, make him a disagreeable companion; nevertheless, he is industrious in collecting his facts, and he sets them forth clearly, so that it is reasonable to expect a wide perusal for his "College Days of Thomas Jefferson."

Doctor Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast-Table" has for its best part some pleasant reminiscences of the time when the Doctor was a child in his father's house at Cambridge. The article contains, also, plenty of bright talk which will be welcomed by the admirers of the "Autocrat" and the "Professor," and it ends with a poem which, theologically, is all kinds of things, and which the casual understanding also will find baffling when it tries to construct a heaven of any sort worth the name out of the heaven posited by the poet, but which, in spite of its confusion, has much tenderness and truth of human feeling in it; and, at the close, an unexpected turn that will strike the reader as no less probable, so to say, than skilful. The first stanza, we may remark, hardly carries its meaning on its face.

Another good article in the *Atlantic* is that by Mr. John Fiske, who concludes with this instalment an instructive and entertaining series of articles on subjects which have far oftener awakened intelligent curiosity than called forth judicious exposition. "The Myths of the Barbaric World" seems to us noticeable, even among the other papers of the series, for its weight of sense and its lucidity; but all contain work of a high character, and will extend Mr. Fiske's reputation as one of the clearest-minded, conscientiously laborious, and well-trained students in this country.

The rest of the *Atlantic* is filled up with Hawthorne's posthumous romance—"Septimius Felton; or, The Elixir of Life"; the absurdities of the beginning of Mr. De Mille's comic story; Mr. H. James's "Change of Heart"; an unknown author's "Divisions of the Echo Club," which is rather trivial, but embodies some sound criticism, and more than usually good imitations of Browning and William Morris; and, finally, some thirty pages devoted to science, art, politics, and criticism of books, both foreign and domestic. A greater scope, with consequent increase in variety and weight, is to be desired for each of these departments, and doubtless will in good time be had. Each is good this month. The art critic has under consideration a small collection of pictures recently exhibited in Boston by Messrs. Doll & Richards, and representing Delacroix, Decamps, Troyon, Rousseau, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, Diaz, and, among American artists, Lafarge, R. C. Porter, and Vedder. The scientific reporter takes up the recent experiments of Dr. Bastian, the best known of the advocates of the theory of "spontaneous generation," and is very clear and moderate. The musical critic discusses Nilsson and Mrs. Moulton. The politician, who needs the attention of Colonel Forney, thinks that the President exceeded his constitutional powers when he made war on the sister Republic of Hayti, and is not sure that he must be re-elected. The literary critics do some exceedingly pleasant book-noticing, and, like their brethren, need more room. Altogether, we expect to see this critical department of the *Atlantic* very popular with the *Atlantic's* public, and we imagine that it might with advantage be so enlarged as to become a favorite vehicle for such Bostonian wisdom as it may be advisable to reveal to exoteric nations.

Lady Judith. A Tale of Two Continents. By Justin McCarthy. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.)—We fancy that the fact that this novel is a "tale of two continents" has much more to do with its success than any mere legitimate merit of the story. Not that the plot is one of ordinary interest; but then it owes its intricacy to nothing in human experience, being simply an exaggeration of the conventional complexity of the sensational novel. Quarrels and mysterious separations do their best to chill the ardor of young lovers, who meet in one continent to glance at one another, and in that glance to become deeply enamored, when they are sundered by angry seas, and further complications must take place before love gets its own. It is hardly fair to criticize too sharply the machinery of a novel which so evidently depends for its interest on such artificial aids. We want to be amused wherever the hero is transported, and are willing to humor any geographical whims that may enter the author's head if he can manage them fairly, and especially if he can also give us in his characters studies of human beings. In this novel we get a taste of English life, of life in this city, in San Francisco, in a free-love community, and we have also a glimpse of the Paris Exposition of 1867. But no matter with what accuracy these scenes are described, we require something more, for the book is a novel and not a gazetteer.

The domestic habits of this country are carefully observed and recorded. Judge Atheling, for instance, travels through Europe with an American rocking-chair, and the bill-of-fare of his breakfast is given—and the reader will please notice what an intensely American breakfast it is: "hominy and succotash," which the Judge liked; "milk toast," in which his wife delighted; buckwheat cakes, stewed apples, preserved peaches—the fresh peaches were gone with the summer; "scrambled" eggs; potatoes done in various ways—the sweet potato and our old familiar mealy friend; apple sauce; and several varieties of bread, besides tea (which only Isolind drank); chocolate, which

pleased Mrs. Atheling; and a great bowl of milk, to be swallowed by the Judge, who never touched tea, coffee, or any such beverages. "It is almost needless to say to any one who knows New York, that great glasses of ice-water stood beside each plate." This is a fair breakfast for three—two of whom are women. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy is saving for another novel the other peculiarly American dishes which our fellow-countrymen are fond of calling for at breakfast, either at home or in Europe. We miss the familiar pie, the large oysters generally so impressive to the stranger, pork and beans, waffles, desiccated cod-fish, beef-steak (though perhaps that is not American enough), pork-scraps, Lake Erie teal, buffalo and antelope steaks, Boston brown-bread, doughnuts, hoe-cake, crackers (this is a serious omission), baked Indian pudding, hominy and molasses, pickles, tea-biscuit, cookies, and glasses of molasses and water, it is almost needless to say to any one who knows America, to be swallowed by all at the end of the breakfast. But while the book is crowded with the results of the author's observations of streets, breakfast-tables, and hotels in the course of his travels, they are but the frame in which the picture of society is set.

The characters of the tale are many and various. There is the haughty English aristocrat, Lady Judith; the affable American gentleman, Judge Atheling; the American swindler—of English birth, however, that no one may take offence—Chesterfield Jocelyn; the warm-hearted lover, Angelo; the intellectual young woman, Isolind; the poet, Eric Walraven; and the ill-trained Alexia—we need not go through the list; they are all very different from one another, and, we believe, from any human being that ever lived. Even those which are most evidently copies from well-known people of the day are the most unreal. They are all described with care. We have a long description of Isolind's bed-room, and a list of the books on her table; among others we find "Mill's 'Essay on Liberty'—with daily draughts of which latter Isolind refreshed her convictions as to the supreme human need of individuality, and the bane of mere conventionality." She wore a dress that showed "a good deal of a very neat, picturesque little boot of buff-colored leather, coming high above the ankle, and fastened with a row of buttons." Then we have a disquisition on the relative merits of short and long dresses in hiding the ankles, and we are told that Isolind's "limbs were straight, firm, and shapely." It is disagreeable to have to mention a blemish of this kind, which cloaks itself under the pretence of avoiding prudery, but it is simply prurient. It runs through the book, reminding one of Balzac at his worst, while we get very little that reminds us of Balzac at his best. The villains bite their nails, enraptured lovers tear their hair and swear fidelity, when misfortune comes the young girl weeps, the haughty dame is always imperious, the affected poet never forgets that he is playing a part, the poetess soliloquizes—but all as coldly as if they were actors reading off their parts from printed pages, and taking especial care not to omit the stage directions. Thus, we have the poetess soliloquizing in this fashion: "What a world of thought, of rapture, of hope, of passion and joy, is in fragrance! The scent of this flower opens up a whole new world to the senses and the soul, as the microscope and the telescope do to the eye and the intellect! I have only to smell this leaf, and I pass into a land of magic, where everything is rich, aromatic, and delightful; where every yearning finds an answer, and every dreamy hope becomes a reality. . . . Poor little flower! Poor little talisman that opens the wonder-world! it seems a pity to throw it away, even though it already wilts and droops." And, indeed, we need not wonder that "a publisher brought out an English edition of her poems, and that they were quite a success," nor that "Isolind became, to her own great surprise, a celebrity of the season in London," and that "West End drawing-rooms were delighted to welcome her." Mr. McCarthy here comes very near the borderline of facts.

If the poetess soliloquizes with a certain amount of deadness, in the same way we find a great deal of coldness in all the would-be passionate part of the story. Notwithstanding this fault, however, it should be said that there is a great deal of cleverness shown in the management of the plot. It is, in fact, a good imitation of a good story. That is at once the merit and the fault of the book.

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